

"MODERN MAN," FEBRUARY 15TH, 1913.

KING GEORGE TO FLY AT ALDERSHOT.

Modern Man

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NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.—The Editor is at all times ready to consider good topical articles and short stories (not to exceed 1,500 words). The Editor does not hold himself responsible for the accidental loss of any contribution submitted on approval.

PLAIN SPEAKING.

The Editor will be pleased to receive from readers in any part of the country information regarding local affairs and matters of topical interest, suitable to deal with under this heading.

With newspaper cuttings the title heading of the paper must be sent, and where written matter is forwarded it must be accompanied by proof that it is authentic.

The Editor will also be pleased to consider topical illustrations.

KING GEORGE TO MAKE HIS FIRST ASCENT IN AN AEROPLANE.

BACKWARDNESS OF THE ROYAL FAMILY AS AVIATORS.

I learn that when the King and Queen go to Aldershot for the first week in March His Majesty intends to take a short flight in a biplane. This will be the first occasion upon which His Majesty has ascended in the air. The flight, of course, will not take place unless the weather is propitious, but His Majesty has already intimated his intention of taking the keenest interest in the work of the Royal Flying Corps.

But up till now the extraordinary fact is painfully commented upon in military circles that no English prince has ever been seen in an aeroplane in this country. Prince Leopold of Battenberg, who is the King of Spain's brother-in-law, went up in an 80-h.p. Bristol monoplane in Madrid not long ago, but His Royal Highness was acting under the impulse created by the wonderful energy of King Alfonso, who has made scores of ascents, and went up without first informing his mother, Princess Henry of Battenberg, of his intention.

Anyway, the fact got into the papers, and the Prince was immediately commanded by Princess Henry to return to England, which he did.

All the Kaiser's Sons as Aviators.

This aloofness from the science which is occupying the attention of military strategists throughout Europe to the exclusion of everything else, is not to the credit of H.M. In Prussia every son of the Kaiser has made an ascent, and even the Kaiser has enjoyed the delights of leaving Mother Earth for Cloudland.

The first European monarch to ascend in an aeroplane was King William of Wurtemberg. He was followed by King Albert of Belgium and the King of Spain. Then came King Manuel of Portugal and the King of Saxony. The Kaiser followed suit, and there are now few Royal soldiers in Europe who cannot claim to have some actual experience of flight.

The German Crown Prince is, perhaps, the keenest Royal aviator in Europe, and both he and his wife have often ascended. Naturally, this Royal encouragement is immensely

appreciated in the German Empire, and nothing is undone by the Kaiser's family which will help to further the cause of a science the potentialities of which in actual fact are so tremendous.

The necessity for this Royal patronage of flying is, of course, so great in this country, where the frontiers are purely maritime ones, but there is no doubt that if King George would come out of his shell and hob-nob a little more with the officers of the Royal Flying Corps, a little incentive to perseverance in this industry would be given. There is no intention on the part of Queen Mary of

Happy Old Age of ex-Empress Eugenie.

Autres mœurs, autres temps! Does anyone ever remember "Patience" nowadays? Games, like fashions and food, have their day, and the fine play at the Royalty "Milestones," has brought home to us how completely ideas of fifty years ago have been abandoned. Just as the immense crinoline has given place to the hobble-skirt, the dignified waltz to the Turkey Trot, the Moore and Burgess and the Mohawks to the Coliseums and Palladiums, so bridge and other card games have replaced the "Patience" of our fathers and mothers.

But there is still one dear old lady who never goes a day without her game of Patience. She is the venerable Empress Eugénie, and in her charming home at Windsor, where it is a pretty study to watch the once-beautiful Empress toying with her cards alone, and dreaming of old days and scenes of splendour now all but forgotten.

The ex-Empress has been somewhat unwell since Christmas, but she is now better, and able to get out in her garden where, when the weather will allow her, she spends her happiest hours tending the flowers with her own hands.

"My Birth and My Death—that is all my History!"

By the way, *Reynolds's Newspaper* on Sunday stated that the ex-Empress was "wedded to Napoleon II. on January 29th, 1853," which, of course, she wasn't. We wonder if anybody in the office of *Reynolds's* could tell us off-hand who Napoleon II. was? Napoleon II. died when Eugénie de Montijo, the future Empress of the French, was just 17 years old. And as he had never been a ruling monarch, the title "Napoleon II." is very rarely accorded him. He was given the German title of Duke of Reichstadt, and for his grandfather, the Emperor Francis of Austria, refused to allow him to bear his father's name of Napoleon.

He was but twenty-one when his sensitive soul took flight, and his last words were "My birth and my death—that is all my history!" He lies buried in the church of the Capuchines in Vienna. They would not even allow him to be buried in his own beloved France. Napoleon II. was born "King of Rome," was the only son of the Emperor Napoleon and his Austrian archduchess, Marie Louise. His third and last Napoleon, a nephew of the great Emperor

Another Asquith Job!

If you see it in *Modern Man* it is so! In our issue of February 1st we gave the full story of how Lord Willingdon, one of Mr. Asquith's new peers, came to be appointed to an important Governorship of Bombay. Our account of the transaction was given with a remarkable wealth of detail, and it ended up with a forecast of the future in this delectable of Imperial billets. In order to accept the Governorship of Bombay, Lord Willingdon had to resign his post as Lord-in-waiting to the King, and we stated

"And I learn that Lord Ashby St. Ledgers, that son of a rich ironmonger, Lord Wimborne, whom Mr. Asquith made a peer two or three years ago, is in the running for the vacant Lordship-in-Waiting, to be followed ere long, after a nice fat five years of warmth and rupees east of Aden, by one can say Mr. Asquith forgets his friends!"

The accuracy of our information was demonstrated a week later, when the official announcement was made that Lord Ashby St. Ledgers had been appointed Lord-in-Waiting to the King, in place of Lord Willingdon, resigning. And when Lord Willingdon's term of office in Bombay was over, and Mr. Lloyd George has come into power once more, on the waves of his land taxes, Lord Ashby St. Ledgers is to go out to Bombay as Governor of that immense country and have "the time of his life." That is, of course, if Mr. Lloyd George does come in again. Otherwise, Lord Ashby St. Ledgers hasn't an earthly!

Duke of Connaught's Successor in Canada.

The biggest job abroad going now is the Governorship of Canada, which the Duke of Connaught

IT IS NOT TOO LATE FOR YOU TO SECURE SOME SHARES.

expected to vacate when he returns with the Duchess to recuperate. The Duke, of course, only accepted the post for two years, so he cannot be blamed for not remaining when once he gets home again. But the job is already filled.

It will surprise readers of *Modern Man* to know that no further speculation on the subject need be made. It seems almost indecent to reflect that the Duke's successor is already a *sine qua non*, yet so it is. Mrs. Asquith has seen to that!

The new Viceroy is to be no other than her brother, Lord Glenconner, otherwise Sir Edward Tennant, Bart., one of the millionaires of the Tennant family. As a result, Lord Glenconner will go up one in the Peerage as Earl of Glenconner and Viscount Innerleithen, though not until he returns from Canada.

Beautifully Worked Out.

The whole thing has been beautifully worked out by Mrs. Asquith, who is determined that her daughters shall, in a very few years, be connected by blood with a whole crowd of high-sounding titles. Mrs. Asquith will herself be "My Lady" before long, as the termination of the present Government will mean the Prime Minister's promotion to the Peerage as a Viscount—though, let it be noted, Mr. Asquith will be entitled, should he desire it, to an earldom.

The Premiership, by the way, the only political office which by custom entitles its holder to an earldom, the last instance being that of Benjamin Disraeli, who, on being promoted to the Lords, became Earl of Beaconsfield. Strange to say, no Conservative Premier has since been promoted to the Peerage, owing to the post having for so many years been held by a Peer, the late Lord Salisbury, and his nephew, Mr. Balfour, who refuses to go to the Lords, though, of course, he could do so any day.

Humour of Lord Glenconner's Coronet.

Humour of a peculiarly insidious kind is associated with the creation of many peerages, but how many know the irony of "Lord Glenconner"? This gentleman is the owner of extensive bleaching-powder works at St. Rollox, Glasgow.

The works were established by a Charles Tennant in 1880, and the father of Lord Glenconner was the late Sir Charles Tennant, who was made a baronet in 1885. One of his daughters married the present Lord Ribblesdale; another married the Hon. Alfred Lyttleton, brother of Lord Lyttelton; and the other, the once-famous "Margot" Tennant, married Mr. Asquith as his second wife.

Now, Mrs. Asquith is the most ambitious woman in Society, and she had long dreamed of her brother as a Peer. In due course he succeeded his father in the new baronetcy, and in the year 1911, when the Lords so violently objected to the passing of the Home Rule Bill, Mr. Asquith was obliged to threaten to create five hundred Liberal Lords in order to pass that Bill in the Lords.

The Prime Minister intended to create his brother-in-law one of the 500, but when Mrs. Asquith saw the contempt with which her husband's new Peerage was likely to be regarded by the Old Nobility, she decided that her brother should not be one of the 500, and so, when Mr. Asquith was faced with the absolute necessity of creating his 500 peers, Mrs. Asquith got her husband to create her brother a peer at once, before the final crisis actually occurred, so that he should not have attached to his new title the approbrium of being a "Nineteen Hundred and Eleven Peerage."

The deed was quickly done, and for no other reason Sir Charles Tennant was suddenly promoted to the Upper Chamber as "Lord Glenconner," and the promotion was hurriedly announced. As it happened, The Lords gave way, and Mr. Asquith was saved the unpleasant duty of adding to the Peerage 500 parvenues. But Mrs. Asquith's brother was all right!

In consequence of the acts and threats of the militant Suffragettes, the Palaces of Hampton Court, Kew, Kensington and Holyrood are closed to the public; and the closing of national museums and other exhibitions is in contemplation.

The authorities and custodians are amply justified in all this. The action of the Leeds woman who smashed with a hammer the glass of a case in the Jewel Room of the Tower of London containing the insignia of the Order of Merit gave them the straight tip as to what to expect, and to neglect the warning would be culpable.

The Ringleader.

Let the declaration of Mrs. Pankhurst at the London Pavilion be for ever remembered against her. For all that woman had done and would do, she said, short of taking human life, she accepted full personal responsibility: so long as she was at liberty she should be plotting and planning and arranging with her colleagues every item in the campaign they had undertaken.

Unsexed and De-humanised.

From beginning to end, from arrest to release, all the consideration, all the leniency, all the irresolution, that has tempered and characterised the treatment of offenders of the Militant Suffragette brand is a proved and fatal mistake.

In theory, the law owes no more respect to sex than to rank; in practice, chivalry has softened its voice, shortened its arm, arrested its uplifted hand, and stultified its purposes. With what result? That the body politic and the body communal, the State and the public, are terrorised and defied.

Apart from the wild words that now threaten civilization with new deeds of barbarism, already perpetrated violence and accomplished outrages have de-humanised as well as unsexed the petticoated hordes whose orgies of riot and destruction are conducted in the name of a political propaganda.



NOTHING DOING.

Book-Canvasser: "In these volumes you have the whole sum of human knowledge in convenient form."

Mr. Meek: "Thanks; it's no use to me."

B.C.: "But your wife perhaps" —

Mr. M.: "Oh, she knows it already."

In the magisterial stage of proceedings, bail should be disallowed "fighting" suffragettes; nothing less than the maximum sentence should ever be passed; a term of imprisonment imposed should invariably mean a term to be served to the last day. Expatriation should be made a possible penalty in reserve. As regards the last cowardly refuge of the hunger-strike in gaol, if convict Suffragettes won't eat the nice, wholesome food provided for them, and insist on doing themselves in, then far better that a few of them should commit suicide in prison than that they should be released to laugh and mock outside at the law that put them there.

Meyer in the Limelight.

The Rev. F. B. Meyer seems to be very fond of the limelight that is directed—or that he directs—on the pulpit of his chapel. Somehow, his lightest words seems to get widely reported—and some of them are very light indeed. "How do these things get into the papers?"

He is greatly upset just now about Cinema shows on Sunday.

Referring to the attitude of the Progressives on the London County Council, he says that their "programme distinctly asserts that facilities will be given, if their party is returned to power, for any proper Sunday amusement genuinely given for charitable purposes." Why not? Is the Rev. F. B. Meyer afraid that his collections will suffer?

Empire of the Air.

Is Colonel Seely doing his duty by the Royal Flying Corps? The total available fighting strength of its military wing is 13 biplanes. France had 218 aeroplanes in flying order at the beginning of last year, and added 400 more before its close.

"A Disgrace to Our Government."

But for the intervention and help of a newspaper, Charles John Anderson, with 23 years' service in the Royal Navy, might, and probably would, have had a pauper's funeral the other day. The constantly recurring scandal of a pauper's interment for old and meritorious soldiers and sailors does a lot of harm to both the fighting services.

"I think it is a disgrace to our Government to allow a man who has given practically the whole of his life to our country to receive a pauper's funeral, and for the wife, who will shortly give birth to another child, to have to go into the workhouse," wrote a (local) general secretary of the United Order of General Labourers in reference to this particular case; and the circumstances justified his indignation.

Cruelty to Children.

The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children is far too frequently discouraged by the lenient sentences passed on convicted offenders prosecuted under their auspices.

We applaud the action of Mr. Francis, the Westminster Police Court magistrate, in inflicting six months' hard labour on a man and woman charged by the Society with neglecting the little ones of their respective families. The male

prisoner, the "lodger" of the female prisoner, had absconded from his five motherless children, and the woman had her eight and their father, in order to pig together with "encumbrances."

Although "six months with" is a drastic corrective sentence, we wish the case could have gone for trial elsewhere. Far more cruelty, active and passive, is inflicted on children than the public have any idea of, and heavier sentences called for than magistrates can inflict.

"Charity" and the Social Problem.

Speaking at the coming-of-age anniversary gathering of the Manchester Branch of the Catholic Truth Society, Rev. Father McNabb was on the right track when he observed that one of the greatest obstacles to social reform was "a thing sometimes called charity." Some people thought that charity was going to solve the great and long question of social reform. But in his view the only way was none the better for the giving as alms of what was

as wages. The right of poverty does not mean that some people should have all property but that all men should have some property. The great social problem is not a matter of property or Socialism, but of human nature.

If these sentiments are present in the "Catholic Truth," we can do some more of it.

Anglo-German Dinner.

The new German ambassador to the Court of St. James's has been very well. His speech at the dinner of the Anglo-German Societies in London in honour of the Kaiser's birthday was full of nice sayings about England and Englishmen. All Englishmen readily agree with that we really have a splendid lot of fellows.

If Germans readily agree to our determination to be supreme at sea, the cost is a little less. It is no business or interest of theirs to interfere with the two countries getting on together in time without a war. Hoch der Kaiser!

Pistols at School.

A sixteen-year-old Mexican pupil at a Woodford (Epping Forest) school was remanded from Stratford Police Court last week, charged with the attempted murder of a Spanish fellow-pupil. The former described the occurrence in the following words:

"I took the revolver from the top of my desk and held it close to his (the victim's) stomach. I said 'I will kill you.' I had no intention of shooting, but the revolver went off."

"Going off" is a bad habit that revolvers have contracted, to whatever part of the human anatomy they are "put close." We have often noted their reprehensible propensity in this respect. They are not even reliable of stomachs.

Said the Chairman of the Justices: "It seems to me that a boy at school should be allowed to have a dangerous weapon like this about him. . . . If a boy at school is allowed to have a repeating pistol like this, his parents would do better to keep him at home. It looks as if there was some laxity somewhere (1). . . . When I was at school they were very particular about boys having a dangerous weapon. Now, apparently, they are allowed to have revolvers."



TRAVESTIED PLAY TITLE: "THE SON AND HEIR."

That hesitating "some laxity somewhere" is distinctly precious. In this instance, the laxity of the Home Office—on which we have commented without any "laxity" of language—appears at first sight to have stretched as far as the Woodford school and the Spanish boy's entrails. Quite seriously, the school authorities are probably blameless, but in any case the Home Secretary is blameful for his recent refusal to amend the Pistols Act.

Police "Evidence" on the Traffic Problem.

The police contention that tramways cause more accidents than motor-buses is absurd. It is a matter of common knowledge and common experience that all the facts are the other way about, and that the bus is the chief of vehicular sinners.

The statistics put in by Sir Edward Henry to make the Select Committee on Motor Traffic believe to the contrary were so faked as to be valueless. For the purpose of comparison, fatalities on tramway main routes were tabulated in juxtaposition with non-tramway routes, much to the apparent disgrace of the former; but as the latter included many miles of quiet streets which know not the motor-bus, relatively was obviously non-existent.

To take the tramlines at their worst and the buses at their best is ridiculous as well as unfair. The City was excluded from the "analysis" altogether—the area in which motor-buses are most rampant, the "square mile" in which their victims are rapidly becoming countable at so many to the square inch.

The London County Council have decided not to proceed with their scheme for constructing a subway under St. Paul's. This is the last we shall hear of this boring problem.

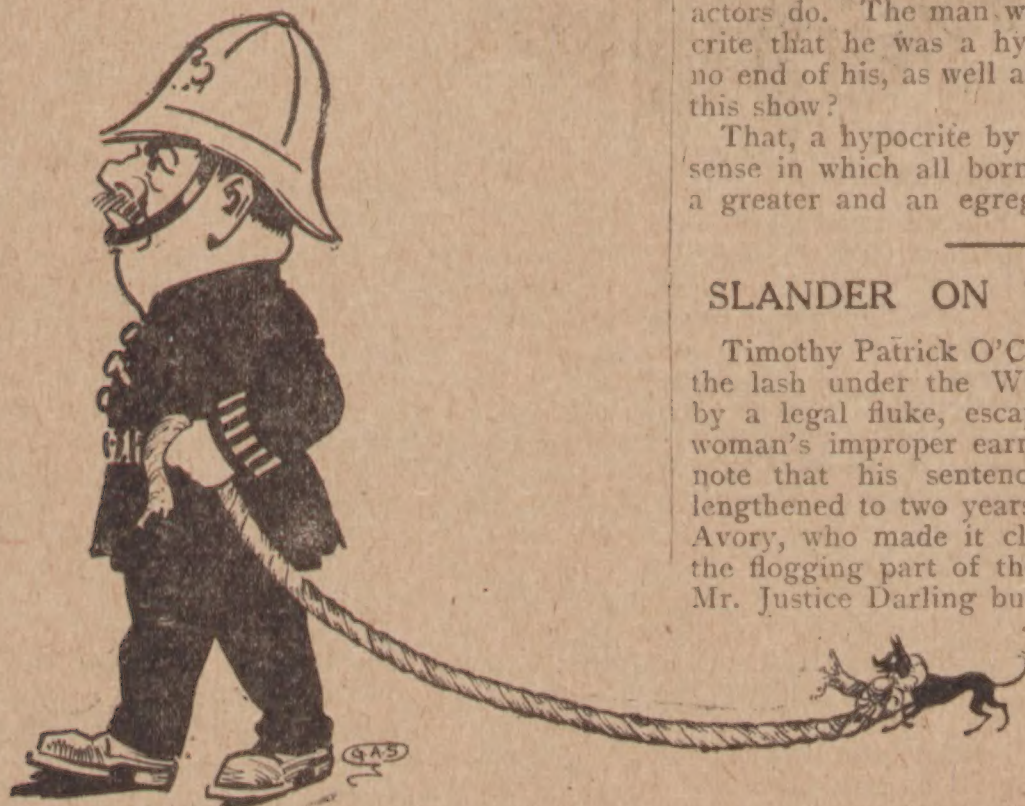
Where the White Slave Trade Flourishes.

Sworn expert evidence before the Municipal Vice Inquiry Commission now sitting in New York shows that in that city alone 26,000 women hand over most or some of the earnings to men associated with their dreadful "business"; that about 6,000 men—procurers, dealers and bullies there live on the "trade," which is bolstered up by a corrupt section of the police, who protect disorderly houses and restaurants at tariff charges, ranging from £20 to £80 per month per establishment.

These particulars leave out of account an admittedly large number of "independent" houses, and women who do not pay tribute.

As the chief port of entry from Europe, New York is more completely in the grip of White Slave traffickers than any other city in the world, but as regards the practice and systematisation of vice, and also as regards the "graft" levied on vice, the infamous distinction of being the worst city in all the universe belongs to Chicago—where the potted poison comes from.

Miss Trehawke Davis, the lady-aeronaut, says that flying is a first-rate cure for insomnia. Till recent years flying itself was only a dream.



Our Theatrical Note: "The Heavy Lead."

THE VICAR WHO VANISHED.

A Psychological Perplexity.

In referring to the much-talked-about case of the Rev. Albert Knight, the Vicar who vanished from Flamborough Head, we are tempted to ask, after the style of old-time writers, "why repeat the well-known story?"

Verily repetition is unnecessary, for the tale has been told, corrected, and told again in papers innumerable. The study of the mind and character of its "hero" has the fascination that is a property of all studies of the abnormal. That this man is an abnormality is the very point that the unreflective lose sight of. But the abnormal is not the unique, and when it is considered that there are many more unexposed than exposed Albert Knights in our midst it has to be admitted that but for the rarity of their accidental discovery the discovery itself would not create so much surprise as it does. All the same, our Albert Knights are singularities, and not types.

Think for a moment of what the ability, the zeal, the earnestness, the personal magnetism of this man must have been. He came to a church and congregation that were almost derelict. Over and over again services had been abandoned because there were no worshippers in attendance. It may be said that in beginning his work he had nothing to begin with; he had to form and inspire his own agencies. And how well he did it all! Among children and adults, the poor and the better-to-do, his influence was quickly persuasive. He drew around him an affectionate and grateful and appreciative flock.

An Actor all the Time.

He identified himself with their cares and their interests. He preached lovely sermons to them. He visited the afflicted and drank tea with the garrulous. At the memorial service authorised by his Bishop—the solemn service for the dead which in the light of realities appears now so ludicrous—sincere tears flowed and earnest prayers ascended. The Curate thanked God for the example of their dear Vicar's life!

To contrast the clerical life of Albert the Absconder with his private life, especially in its marital and concubinal relationships, is to pass from the noon of day into the noon of night.

Follow the man and his paramour to the Sussex Poultry Farm. "Mr King," we read, "was unable entirely to divest himself of clerical interest. He took the deepest possible interest in the nearest church, where both he and Miss Grimes were regular attendants. On more than one occasion they stayed for Holy Communion."

Two reflections may throw a little light, though a murky one, on the psychological puzzle that confronts us. Knight had hesitated between Church and stage before he "adopted" the former as a profession; but into that former he carried the mind, the instinct, the mode and mood of thought, of the latter. He was an actor all the time, and because he was a very good one he lost himself in his part, as all good actors do. The man was a hypocrite; so complete a hypocrite that he was a hypocrite when hypocrisy could serve no end of his, as well as when it could and did. What does this show?

That, a hypocrite by nature, even if only in the innocent sense in which all born actors are hypocritical, he became a greater and an egregious one by habit.

SLANDER ON THE BRUTE CREATION.

Timothy Patrick O'Connor, one of the first to be ordered the lash under the White Slave Act, has, on appeal and by a legal fluke, escaped his 24 strokes for living on a woman's improper earnings; but it is some satisfaction to note that his sentence of 12 months' hard labour was lengthened to two years by Justices Ridley, Phillimore and Avory, who made it clear that they would have confirmed the flogging part of the punishment originally inflicted by Mr. Justice Darling but for their view that the Act, passed on the 13th of December, could not be made to apply to proceedings initiated four days previously.

Mr. Justice Ridley stigmatised the appellant's conduct as that of a brute. "That," said Justice Avory, "is a slander on the brute creation."

EVERYBODY'S PRAISING OUR SAFETY RAZOR

QUEEN ENA—THE SAVIOUR OF SPAIN.

WHY A LARGE FAMILY OF PRINCES AND PRINCESSES IS NECESSARY TO THE PEACE OF SPAIN.

The official announcement is made from Madrid that the Queen of Spain will present her husband with another child in June. The Queen is already the mother of four children, and had not two unfortunate mishaps occurred she would now have had a family of six sons and daughters.

Her Majesty, who was, of course, Princess Ena of Battenberg, was married to King Alfonso on the 1st of June, 1906. Her eldest son, Prince Alfonso, was born on May 10th, 1907; her second son, Prince Jaime, on June 23rd, 1908; her eldest daughter, Princess Beatrice, on June 22nd, 1909; and her second daughter on December 15th, 1911.

In 1910 the Queen of Spain gave birth to a still-born child, and a subsequent unfortunate occurrence robbed the beautiful young Queen of a sixth child. The child about to be born will be Her Majesty's seventh effort at the preservation of the dynasty of her popular husband, and all the world will wish the Queen a safe *accouchement*, and prosperity and long life to the now unborn Bourbon.

The Spaniards' Readiness for Fighting.

The Queen of Spain was 25 years old on October 24th last, which reminds us that if ancestral fecundity counts for anything Queen Victoria of Spain is likely to make a record for the present century in the matter of large families.

Both King Alfonso and his Queen can boast ancestresses who set the world examples of the patient and ready endurance of constant motherhood for the achievement of a great object. Spain has need of a large family of Princes and Princesses.

No family that Queen Victoria can bear will be half so great a burden to the people as another war of the Succession in Spain—and no people in Europe are so ready to make war upon a silly pretext as the Spaniards. The generation that can recall the wars of the succession that preceded the birth of King Alfonso has, of course, by no means passed away, and as there is scarcely a family in Spain who cannot boast one of its members having fallen in the struggle for the Spanish crown, it is obvious that a large family of heirs-presumptive to the crown means the passing—at any rate for a time—of the most dangerous factor in the promotion of civil war. It is sufficient for the Spaniards that civil war is now the peril of the neighbouring state, while it may yet become the source of war between the two countries.

Constant Warfare Through Lack of Male Heirs.

For the chances of war are nowhere so great as in the Peninsular. Wellington was finding that out exactly a hundred years ago. And yet all the blood that has been shed in Spain has been because of the lack of male heirs to the Spanish monarchs, or to the tricks they have played with the Salic Law. This latter factor is likely always to be a source of danger to Spain. Were all the children of King Alfonso and Queen Victoria to die, another war of the Succession would be almost certain. So that it is not to be wondered at that Queen Victoria, as the daughter of a hundred kings, regards it as her duty to save further bloodshed in her adopted country by presenting Spain with as many princes and princesses as she can.

No spectacle on earth can be more inspiring than this scarcely realised voluntary toleration of perpetual maternity on the part of the young English princess for the sake of that peace which no country in the world needs so surely as Spain. Queen Victoria has long ago learnt of the sorry plight which has made of Spain an ever-recurring field for Successional wars. And as those reasons can never be removed, except by her own or her children's fecundity—for reasons which we think it worth recalling—the regular sequence of announcements, about annual, of additions to the nursery of Spain must be a source of immense satisfaction to the Spaniards for many years to come.

Little is heard nowadays of the claims of Don Jaime, the son of the late Pretender, Don Carlos, to the Spanish throne, and the more children Queen Victoria has, the more

"the Pretender bogey" is likely to recede from the dream of the Spanish people. Should Queen Victoria in twenty years time be able to look back upon as felicitous and fruitful a career as a mother as she now promises to do, a generation which concerned itself to the point of the sword about the claims of Don Carlos or of Don Jaime to the Spanish throne will have passed away, and one great and potent cause of Spain's backward position in recent times will have disappeared also.

Women Barred from the Throne.

As everybody knows, the Salic law bars a woman from the throne. This law has been a constant curse to Spain. To go farther back than a century ago, the law caused King Ferdinand VII. to suffer many years of exile, while Wellington was leading the English and Spanish troops against the French during the long and bloody Peninsular wars. But in 1814 English influence replaced Ferdinand VII. again upon his throne. Exile, however, had not taught him wisdom, and his reign of nineteen years consisted of a series of rebellions and revolts, which he put down with an iron hand, while all civil and religious liberty were sternly repressed.

King Ferdinand's Four Wives.

Ferdinand was married four times. By his first wife he had no children, so it was very natural that his eldest brother, Don Carlos, should have become presumptive of succeeding to the Crown, or of his son, Don Jaime, securing it. But in 1828 the third Queen of Ferdinand, who had long been an invalid, expired, and in the following year Ferdinand married his niece, Marie Christina.

As far back as 1789, when Ferdinand was only five years old, and Charles III. was still King, it had been proposed to abolish the Salic Law, and the proposal had been received with considerable satisfaction by the Spanish people. The reigns of queens in Spain had been generally beneficial to the country. The decree pronouncing the "Pragmatic Sanction" was in fact ready for King Charles's signature when that monarch suddenly died. Consequently, the Salic Law remained unabolished right up to the year which saw the death of Ferdinand's third wife, 1828, when Ferdinand's brother, Don Carlos, had become accustomed to the throne, and that if he survived the King, his brother, the Crown of Spain must be his. It would have been hardly within the realm of human nature, therefore, that Carlos should have felt "an injured man" when Ferdinand, in 1830, proceeded to abolish the Salic Law, and to follow up the act of hostility by getting wed for the fourth time, to a girl thirty years his junior. For Ferdinand it must be that there must have been something strangely propitious in all these proceedings, for less than a year after his marriage with his young cousin a baby girl appeared.

Another Terrible War over the Succession.

From that moment, of course, Don Carlos's dream of being King of Spain was over. He at once went into voluntary exile in Portugal, and as Don Miguel in that country was also fighting for a crown, the unhappy Regent joined forces. With them, too, were the two Queen-Regents, and from the moment, the 20th of June, 1833, that the Spanish Cortes took the oath of allegiance to the daughter of Ferdinand VII., as "Princess of the Asturias," Don Carlos and Don Miguel began a bloody war in defence of their rights. Britain sided with the Regents, though it is not particularly clear, but Spain was for the next twenty years the scene of another cruel war of the Succession.

Pretender's Short-lived Triumph.

In the meanwhile, another little daughter had been born to Ferdinand and his fourth bride. The Carlists were successful in the civil war, and in 1837 the Pretender, a part of his army, was able to enter Madrid. His reign was, however, short lived; Northern and Central Spain were against him, and he soon had to take refuge

NEVER MISS AN OPPORTUNITY—SEND FOR "MODERN MAN" SHARE

own Basque country. The war ended in 1839, the Carlists being too much discouraged to continue the struggle. Carlos's brother and sworn enemy, King Ferdinand VII., was now dead, he having been killed, or so severely injured in a carriage accident that he died in 1833, leaving his wife, Maria Christina, aged twenty-three, as sole Regent of Spain, during the minority of her eldest daughter, the Princess of Asturias, who had been proclaimed Queen Isabella II., while her little sister was known as the "Infanta Maria Louisa."

Widow Queen's Morganatic Marriage Causes Another Struggle.

One would suppose that Spain had had enough ravaging over the question of "who shall be King." Had Marie Christina been a wise woman, sincerely anxious to conserve for her little daughter her splendid inheritance, Spain might have risen above factionist warfare, and prosperity have returned with peace. Maria Christina was left too young a widow, however. And ere long she had contracted a morganatic alliance with an adventurous fellow named Munoz, by whom she proceeded to have a large family.

Before long her oppressions brought about her downfall, and she had to skedaddle to France, and in October, 1840, the Cortes declared Marshal Espartero Regent of Spain during the minority of the young Queen Isabella. Then began another successional struggle, the rivalry of the marshal and the girl-Queen's mother for the Regency being the objective of the contending parties. Truly, Royalty has been a curse to Spain. For the next three years the young Queen was bandied about from one upstart soldier-Regent to another, and no peace came to Spain until the year 1843, when, on the 8th of November, the proclamation of Queen Isabella's thirteenth birthday, and her accession to supreme power, momentarily deluded the Spanish people into the idea that they would get a rest from warfare.

Queen Isabella's Flight Follows the Revolution.

This expectation was not realised. Now that Isabella reigned in Spain, her mother returned to Madrid, and after the young Queen had been married to her half-witted cousin, Don Francis d'Assisi, an attempt was made to assassinate her as she was going to church in Madrid. The would-be assassin was a Franciscan monk, but he did the Queen no more serious damage than a stab, but the act led to reactionary measures, followed by a military revolution, which broke out with Morocco, and General O'Donnell went out to end it. When he came home he took the political reins from Marshal Espartero, when another military revolution was brought about by General Prim. This caused the resignation of O'Donnell, and the recall of General Narvaez, who died soon after, and the severe repressive measures of his successor lighted the fires of that Revolution which, on the 30th of September, 1868, sent Queen Isabella into a long exile in Paris, which was doomed to last over thirty years, and from which she was only released by her death in 1904.

When the Crown Went a Begging.

The Republic did not last long, however, and the crown of Spain went a-begging for a long time, until at last Isabella's eldest son was recalled from his military studies at Sandhurst to become Alfonso XII., and to father the present monarch, after whom he is named. It will thus be seen that all the successional troubles of Spain have been caused by Spain's uncertainty in regard to the Salic Law, and the repetition of all these troubles is by no means unlikely should the present King and Queen not be successful in placing the succession to the throne of Spain beyond dispute.

He: You won't be nervous at the altar, dear?
She: I think not. I was awfully nervous the first time, but not at all the second.

Curiosity is a busy matrimonial agent.

A woman's birthday seldom has any connection with her age.

Spend, and the world spends with you; go broke, and you're broke alone.

Always pay debts and compliments, and you will succeed.

The spice of life is no sort of seasoning for morality.

BEHIND THE FOOTLIGHTS.

Sketches and News from Stageland.

Mr. Fernand Akoun, till recently Managing Director of the London Opera House, has informed me that negotiations are pending for the staging of a big revue at this palatial hall about the middle of March.

Why has Mr. Akoun forsaken his L.O.H. interests?

Miss Gladys Unger's "Son and Heir"—(oh no! this is the name of a play)—which replaces "The Glad Eye" at the Strand, is a clever and strong, if somewhat unreliable, presentment of county life.

It does not, however, warrant the eulogistic two leaders and a photograph bestowed upon it by a hysterical halfpenny daily, whose chief mission seems to be to bait the territorial force and stir up anti-German feeling on every possible occasion! Still, I suppose "Business is business!"

To-night Mr. Houghton's "Younger Generation" leaves the Haymarket for the Duke of York's, where it will be joined by "The Twelve-Pound Look," with Miss "Bunt" Kate Moffatt in the caste.

Next Thursday Mr. Harrison will stage "The Pretenders" at the Haymarket, with important rôles undertaken by Messrs. Basil Gill and Laurence Irving.

The daily Press are worrying about my friend Mr. James Sale, the Palladium's debonair conductor. They appear to have fixed upon him as the most probable successor to Mr. Byng at the Alhambra; but I fancy that the Gulliver control have far too acute an appreciation of his value to allow of Messrs. Charlot and Levaux's high bid becoming effective.

So that's all right, as most of us would as soon imagine the "Lane" without Jimmy Glover as the Palladium without Jimmy Sale.

"Oh! Oh! Delphine," "Princess Caprice's" successor at the Shaftesbury, will start what I am afraid may be a troubled career next Tuesday week if present intentions hold good. I am all over suspicion about a transplanted American musical comedy!

Miss Vesta Tilley, who was slightly indisposed when I saw her recently, is one of those few artists who are able to ignore physical fatigue and unfitness generally—one can never detect an error or a difference under any circumstances. She is so far ahead of everyone who has ever touched her particular variety preserve that I should like to see the words "male impersonator" allocated to her sole use as a sort of regal prerogative.

W. R. C. R.

INIMITABLE VESTA TILLEY.



CLEVER IVY SAWYER.



DAINTY GERTIE GITANA.



THE GREEN EYE MYSTERY

EERIE EXPERIENCES AT A COUNTRY MANSION.

"Hullo!" cried Cranfield. "Did you see those two green eyes peering at us from the hedge?"

"No, I didn't," I replied. "What were they like?"

He began to pull up.

"I am sure it's some sort of animal," he said; "let's drive back. I think I could find the place again."

"My dear fellow," I urged, "don't do anything so silly. I am already more than three parts frozen, and I have no intention of allowing you to wander about hunting for a pair of green eyes that probably never existed except in your imagination. That's the worst of having been born abroad; you get accustomed to every weird kind of savage beast, and their eyes are photographed on your mind."

He accepted my rebuke in so far as to drive on, but he protested against the accuracy of my statements.

"You forget," he retorted, "that I was born in Shanghai, and that China is the only foreign country I've ever been in; and I do not believe there is a wild beast of any size in China—at least, I never saw one."

The green eyes did not again enter into our conversation, for we had something more important, and much more pleasing, to speak about.

I had come to Ranleigh Hall to hunt, and Harry Cranfield recounted for my benefit reports which had been brought him concerning the various foxes in the neighbourhood.

Cranfield, Senior, had been a banker in Shanghai, and had sent home his son Harry to an English school, where he and I had become fast friends. When the banker reached middle life he had already amassed a fortune, and was on the point of returning home when, owing to the unexpected death of his nephew, he succeeded to Ranleigh Hall and some of the best hunting country in all England.

The incident of the green eyes was not recalled till the following morning. When I went down to breakfast I was horrified to find Cranfield, Senior, looking at least a dozen years older than he had done on the previous evening.

"I fear there will be no hunting for us to-day," he said. "By to-morrow we may be able to hire a few horses. Last night I had, as you know, one of the best strings of hunters in the district, but this morning every one of them is dead."

"Dead!" I exclaimed.

"Yes," he continued; "one of the grooms, whose quarters are directly above the stable, roused me at five this morning to inform me that, hearing some slight noise beneath, he got up, lit a lamp, and went down to see that all was well. He then discovered that every horse was lying in its stall, still warm, but perfectly dead."

"Have you no sort of theory?" I asked.

"Well," he replied, "I can scarcely say I have. As he approached the stable door with his lantern, the groom observed a couple of green eyes staring at him out of the darkness, but I am much inclined to think he had been dreaming. Anyhow, we shall have a vet. up to examine the bodies early to-day, and he may be able to give us some help in elucidating the mystery."

The vet.'s examination followed in due course. He found on the shoulder of each horse a tiny wound which might have been caused by a hypodermic syringe, but he could not discover the remotest trace of poison.

Harry and I drove into Loughborough that afternoon to arrange for the hire of enough hunters to tide us over till a fresh batch could be purchased.

That night I was just about to begin undressing when I heard a shout for help, and then the sound of a heavy body falling. I dashed out into the passage and down the stairs, for the cry seemed to come from below. The moonlight was shining in at the staircase window, and it was fortunate for me that this was so, for otherwise I must inevitably have fallen headlong over a dark heap which lay on a small landing at the turn of the stair.

A moment's scrutiny showed me that it was the body of my host.

I was just about to strike a match when I happened to glance towards the foot of the stair. The sight I saw will never leave my memory.

Beside the corner of the passage which led off from the hall towards the servants' quarters, I could see two green lights which seemed to glow dully in the darkness. They

could not belong to any of the cat tribe, for they stood five feet from the ground.

As I looked, the eyes disappeared round the corner. I should have liked to give chase, but my first duty was to tend to Mr. Cranfield. I had just struck a match and about to make a cursory examination, when Harry was flying downstairs.

Leaving his father in his charge, I dashed down to the hall and made my way at top speed along the passage down which I believed the owner of the eyes had fled. The passage led to a back door, which now stood ajar.

Further pursuit being useless, I returned to render assistance I could to the fallen man, but he was beyond human aid.

Sport was definitely off, but I stayed on for a week at Ranleigh Hall at the request of my old friend. The medical man could offer no suggestion as to the cause of Mr. Cranfield's death, and a London toxicologist who was summoned gave a verdict corresponding almost exactly to that which the vet. had pronounced in the case of the horses.

The first night after the funeral I was doomed to sleeplessness. I therefore slipped out of bed, donned a dressing gown, and prepared to descend to the library for a glass of whisky, when an impulse—either of cowardice or the instinct of self-preservation—prompted me to slip into my pocket of my gown a small revolver which I had purchased after Mr. Cranfield's murder.

I opened the door quietly so as not to disturb those favoured by the goddess of slumber, and moved cautiously along the passage. Between my own apartment and the staircase was the room of the new master of Ranleigh Hall. Turning a corner I came in sight of his door.

Down beside the handle I could see two green eyes burning angrily through the semi-darkness of the passage.

Without hesitation, I whipped out my revolver and fired a couple of shots as accurately as I could in the direction of the eyes.

My first bullet struck the woodwork of the door, my second found a softer billet. I heard it thud dully through the flesh, and in a moment a shriek of terror confirmed my surmise that my aim had been accurate.

Harry, roused by the sound of firing, was out of his room in a twinkling, and by the aid of matches we examined the result of my handiwork. On the passage stretched out on our feet lay a Chinaman dead, but still bleeding from a wound in the neck. Fetching a candle, Harry peered at his face.

"So this is the explanation," he said. "I remember a man—I know him by that scar across the bridge of his nose—as one of my father's servants in China. He was brought to us, and my father had him convicted. He swore that he would be avenged, and the years he has passed in Chinese prison have apparently kept his hatred fresh. I expect he meant to finish me off next, and I have to thank you, old man, for my life."

The police discovered in one of the pockets of the Chinaman's coat a hypodermic syringe, containing a poison which was unknown to Western civilisation, but which when tried on some white mice, proved immediately fatal without leaving any trace.

A careful post-mortem examination was held on the fallen man's body, and it was discovered that his eyes were in many respects like those of the lower animals, so that they shone green when seen in certain half-lights. I was, of course, formally arrested, but the coroner's jury returned a verdict of justifiable homicide.

Doubtless the Chinaman's intention had been to wipe out the name of Mr. Cranfield's family root and branch. He was too successful so far, but I shall never cease to be thankful that I prevented him from carrying out his purpose.

THINGS WORTH LIVING FOR IN WINTER

Earth's sleep. The stripped and sturdy oaks, the bare tree tops against an amber sky. The call of the fieldfare's hurried flight; to be in at the death of the angry stinging blizzard; gliding across the glistening ice a pipe by the fire; the black heart of the woods; the of the frost-bound highway; a London fog; a tramp driving rain; the rime on the branches; relentless

MERE MAN AND THE SUFFRAGETTE.

MR. HENPECK'S SPIRITED START AND FINISH.



"Wimmin 'ain't got the mental balance what we men got and until they g't it they ain't fit ter vo.e."



"What do you mean by that, Mr. Henpeck?"



"That woman has no balance?"



"She may have to lean on the sterner sex at times,"



"But she will always hold a lofty position,"



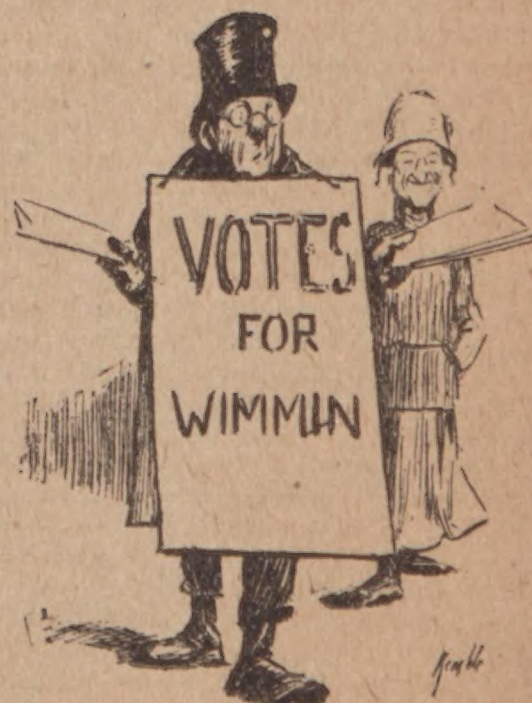
"She may slip,"



"But she will reel over and make herself felt."



"Now, how about your argument—has she a right to vote?"



"Gee whiz! I reckon she has!"

Drawn by E. W. Kemble.—Harper's Weekly.

£250 IS WAITING TO BE WON FOR FOOTBALL FORECASTS.

OTHER PEOPLE'S INDISCRETIONS

AND THINGS WE HAVE HEARD.

Why has Lady — gone over to the side of the rabid Socialist party? And why do certain people ascribe this action on her part to pique over a supposed—or real—slight on the part of a distinguished Royal personage?

How are the nuptials of the "titled lady of Piccadilly" progressing? And are we right or wrong in prophesying some little rifts within the lute at no very distant date?

Who is the young man—attired in a plum-coloured lounge suit, rather cut in at the waist, yellow spats and gloves, and a plush Homburg hat with a green feather—who regularly takes tea at the Corner House, Coventry Street? And why do some of the frequenters of the West End call him "Mary Ann"?

The operator of the magic lantern at a recent lecture at Stockwell would be well advised to take a few lessons in the art of manipulating slides before again attempting to officiate in public.

On this particular night the lecturer received quite a number of rude shocks. "Here, ladies and gentlemen, we have a view —," he would say, with a snap of the finger, to indicate his readiness for the next slide, but alas!!

Perhaps the most exasperating error of the whole show was when the able lecturer, in referring to the interest of Royalty in a certain cause said, "Here we have a photograph of our beloved Queen—Queen Mary." But horrors! The illustration thrown upon the screen was that of an elephant crossing a river.

Sensational disclosures are expected in connection with a number of the devotees of the new religions which have lately assumed a prominent place in the Metropolis.

Why has a "San Francisco millionaire" who has for some time past been making such a "splash" in a western suburb, been lying so low during the past few weeks? Is it true, as he says, that he made £36,000 on the stock markets last month? And if so, why has he not called in on the local barber to pay the 2s. he owes to that worthy?

When a trusting individual who recently sublet a furnished flat in the West End to a theatrical notoriety, returns from abroad, will he be gratified to find that the tenant has left, and to make an inventory of the contents of the premises?

Why did a London pantomime chorus-girl—of French nationality—invite a fellow chorus-girl—of English nationality—to go abroad as her guest after the run of the show?

Would not the police do well to investigate the activities of two literary gentlemen who—no doubt as a hobby—run a little private printing press close to Chiswick for the secret publication of certain innocent efforts of their own?

What is the nature of the screen-sketching *Séances* being given to a "select" and wealthy few, by a well-known black-and-white artist, not a few sand miles from Hanover Street, W.?

Why did a South African, recently invited to spend a few weeks in Colonel Sir Thomas —'s country house in an eastern county, leave so suddenly in his host's motor at 2 a.m. on the third morning of his visit?



NIGHTFALL ON FLAMBOROUGH HEAD.

What is the balance of the individual who has started a credit making business in an office close to Piccadilly Circus? why has he not paid the coal-bill (amounting to 8s. 10d.) for some weeks, to the caretaker of the building of offices in question?

Why has a certain young Honourable been requested to vacate his back rooms off Piccadilly? Has it anything to do with a communication said to have been made by the caretaker to the proprietor? And why is it that the caretaker's year-old daughter no longer attends evening classes at — School?

Now that a well-known End comedian has gone to fulfil a weeks' engagement in a big northern town, will the West End barmaid, with her curls take as much time as a week — ends at — l'ogne — Sur — Met. — she has been engaged to since the beginning of December?

How much did a shady Jewish solicitor, not unknown to the Strand, receive from a firm of theatrical agents for advising an actor-client to settle out of court an action in which the latter purposed bringing against the firm?

What was the nature of the snap-shot taken by a temporarily engaged waiter at a West End restaurant of a party indulging in dinner in a private room? And why was such a high price on it to the parties concerned?

A well-known politician is not feeling particularly pleased with himself just now; due, it is said, to the fact that no more than three ladies have declined his hand in matrimony within the last twelve months.

IF YOU LIKE "MODERN MAN" SECURE PROPRIETARY INTEREST

LAUGHS FROM OTHER LANDS.

LESSON IN PRONUNCIATION.

"How do you pronounce that word 'divorcée,' Professor?" asked Mr. 'Slabsides. "Is it 'divorsay' or 'divorsee?'"

"That all depends, my young friend," smiled the Professor. "When Mrs. Jones-Smythe-Wiggles got her first divorce I should have called it Divorce—A, but now that she has come through with a third I should say that Divorce—C was a justifiable form."—*Harper's Weekly*.

"Please, may I kiss your hand, Miss Frances?"

"I suppose so, but it would be easier for me to raise my veil than to take off my glove."

"Oh, you are a little thing. All I want to do is to kiss your hand. All the time she wants."

"And do you think that easy?"

"I shouldn't think could love a man who waters so!"

"Why not?"

"It is such a disgusting affliction. It makes him an unclean creature. He not only waters in his trousers in his kiss, but he waters in his kiss."

—*Houston Post*.

"I DIDN'T MEAN THAT."

"It seems that you did remember my name and yet you did not remember my name."

(awkwardly): "Well, you know, you have an attractive name." — *Statesman*.

Discharged Servant: "I'll tell ye this, mum; ye'll miss me, an' so ye will!"

Mistress: "But not anything else, I hope, Norah." — *Boston Transcript*.

BOTH MEMBERS.

"We are married," said Belle, "I shall expect you to shave every morning. It's one of the rules of the club that none of its members shall marry a man who won't shave every morning."

"Oh, that's all right," replied Ben; "but what about the mornings I don't get home in time? I belong to a club too."

"You have changed little since I last saw you," the ex-husband remarked.

"Only twice," she replied, "and I'm frank to say, George, that there were no improvement on you." — *Town Topics*.

HER VIEW.

"You know it is stated that a man's heart beats 92,160 times a day," said the young man.

"Every day?" asked the sweet young thing.

"Yes, every day."

"Well, if a young man's heart didn't beat more times than that the day he proposed marriage to me, I'd consider him a pretty cold proposition." — *Yonkers Statesman*.

HISTRIONIC SUCCESS.

"How about your son, who started out to be an actor? Has he been successful on the stage?"

"Well, I should say he has. Why, man, he's turning the camera crank for one of the biggest moving picture outfits in the country!"

"Fine!"

He: "Do you think you could learn to love her?"

She: "Well, I might. I have learned to like Professor Urdahl's lectures." — *Sphinx* (Wisconsin).

Fair Visitor: "My gracious, what a room. And look at that mirror! I'd just like to see myself dressing in that!"

Young Man Attendant: "Yes, ma'am, so would I." — *Widow* (Cornell).

NEVER BEHIND.

Judge: "Did you ever see the prisoner at the bar before?"

Witness: "Yes; that's where I got acquainted with him." — *Minne-Ha-Ha* (Minnesota).

AN ALTERNATIVE.

Inebriated Lady (anxiously, to policeman who is taking her name and address in a notebook): "What's up—are you goin' ter summons me?"

Policeman (Casually): "Oh, no!"

Inebriated Lady: "Well, h've yer got a c'garette?" — *Sydney Bulletin*.

"Are you troubled with insomnia—sleeplessness?"

"I should say I am. Some nights I don't sleep three hours."

"That so? I've got it awfully bad. I've been afflicted now about two years. The doctor calls it *neuris insomnia paralaxitis*."

"I've had it about eighteen months, and we call it Ethel." — *Ocean View Vidette*.

"Madam, do you think you can use your influence with your husband to induce him to support me in this campaign?"

"I don't know, sir. I've never yet succeeded in inducing him to support me." — *Baltimore American*.

Her father: "Do you think you can support her?"

"Yes sir; I've already tried it," said the blushing young man, as he smoothed the wrinkles out of his trousers. — *Pelican* (California).

THE MANCHESTER SCENE.

Little Hope for a Southern Team to Win the Cup.

Whatever hopes we in the South had of the Cup coming to our end of the country when this season's competition started have gradually diminished as the results of the preceding rounds have become known, until they are now almost at vanishing point.

We cannot suppose, for instance, that Crystal Palace, despite the fact that they are a good all-round team, and have on more than one occasion created a surprise in previous competitions, will seriously trouble Aston Villa, neither can we look to Reading to prevent Blackburn Rovers getting into the next round with any degree of confidence. There are certainly possibilities in this match, and we cannot overlook the fact that the "Biscuitmen" are in top-hole form at the moment, but after all said and done, one has to admit that the Rovers have more talent at command, and are a really first-class team, whereas the same cannot be said for Reading.

In spite of the fact that Sunderland did not get their dues (through no fault of their own) at the first attempt they have little to grumble at, since they got through all right in the replay and have a bit more to add to the exchequer.

An Opinion on Fines.

Manchester City were fined £500 on account of their mismanagement in connection with the first match, and though I expect to find a number of people ready to disagree with my view, I venture to say that such fines do not meet the case when the opposing team is leading.

In the replay there was always a chance of the score being reversed, and what consideration would it have been to Sunderland to know that their opponents had been fined a lump sum? None whatever. And, what is more, the money would make little or no difference to Manchester, since they would get the major portion of it back as their share of the gate money.

There is, to my mind, something radically wrong about this; and I most certainly think that in such cases the visitors, providing they are leading, and the blame is proved to be on the shoulders of the home management, should get the match for the asking.

Sunderland entertain Swindon in the next round, and I think it is enough to say that the visitors will have no further interest in this season's competition.

Oldham's Chance in the North.

Everton were put about 100 to get the better of Brighton, and it was only the fact that they were able to last ten better that enabled them to notch a goal while extra time was being played that brings them into the reckoning in this round.

They should, however, have a much easier task this time, as their opponents are nothing like such a good team as the "Seasiders."

I should say that Sheffield Wednesday will enter the next round even though they have to journey to Bradford, and that Oldham will stop the further progress of Manchester United. Maybe the match at Anfield Road, where Newcastle are the visitors, will be undecided, in which case I should vote for the "Geordies" to beat Liverpool in the replay.

Without any doubt the best match in the third round will be between Burnley and Middlesbrough. The former are a rare bustling side, and though they have a pretty stiff proposition on hand I shall expect them to get through.

Some of this week's encounters may result as follows:

Home winners: Chelsea, Newcastle, Oldham, Barnsley, Hull, Preston, Wolves, Brighton, Swindon, West Ham. Draws: Manchester United and Derby, North County and Spurs, Burnley and Birmingham, Stockport and Leeds, Millwall and Queen's Park.

Mother: Don't you know, darling, that we are commanded to love our neighbours?

Little One: Yes; an' I s'pose that's 'cause we can get along with most everybody else.

Some wake and find themselves famous, but many more find themselves famous and wake.

MY NOTE BOOK.

THE SCHEME THAT IS INTERESTING ALL.

Before quoting from a number of letters which have accompanied applications for readers' shilling shares heartily endorsing my co-operative scheme, I want to make quite clear two points.

* * *

THE LOWEST NUMBER OF SHARES ALLOTTED.

The fact that I still receive letters daily asking me the smallest number of shares that can be applied for is evidence that my readers do not yet clearly understand that the object of my partnership enterprise is to secure applications from a few of our wealthy readers thousands of shares, but thousands of applications for quantities of shares. I therefore stipulated that the minimum number of shares to be allotted should be only five; that is to say, for the trifling sum of five shillings you can secure five FULLY PAID one shilling shares, ten shillings, ten shares; twenty shillings, twenty shares; and so on.

* * *

FULLY PAID SHARES.

The other point about which I want to make my readers is that these shilling shares are FULLY PAID, and entitled to participate in the full profits of the business, so that you are able to reap the full fruits from your investment without incurring any further liability whatever beyond the one shilling you pay for each share.

* * *

LETTERS FROM DELIGHTED READERS.

Mr. "J.A." (Glasgow), in applying for 25 shares, writes: "I have been a regular reader of your paper for two years, and think it is a very good one, and can only wish it all the success that it deserves."

Mr. "J.R.P." (Ayrshire), writes: "I have pleasure in enclosing application form for 10 shares in your firm, along with my cheque for £5. This latest idea is a very good one, and it will further increase the interest of readers of 'Modern Man,' which deserves every success. I shall be glad if you will send me the prospectus."

Mr. "J.M." (Spital Square, Bishopsgate), says: "I have already 20 shares, and therefore with these 20 it will make 40 shares."

Mr. "F.R." (Hexham-on-Tyne), writes: "Please reserve for me 100 shares, participating ordinary shares of 1s. each in the above scheme, until the 12th day of February, 1913, for which I will pay full. An early reply will oblige."

Mr. "J. D. H." (Alloa), says: "I herewith enclose order for 200 of your 1s. ordinary shares, and trust you will see your allot me same. I am a regular reader of 'Modern Man,' and derived great benefit from its broad views on various subjects, and I wish you every success."

Mr. "W.D." (London), writes: "I have pleasure in enclosing application form for 10 shares, and I shall be glad if you will send me the prospectus."

From Bristol Mr. "E. R." writes: "I was very pleased indeed at the announcement of your co-operative scheme, and herewith P.O. for £1, which entitles me to a share of 1s. I am an old reader of 'Modern Man,' and the many more of your supporters, and I think your paper really great. If kept up to its present standard there is no question about its continued success, and it is a pleasure to afford us the opportunity of becoming partners with you in your successful publishing business. Every good wish for the future."

Mr. "A. M. B." (Birmingham), says: "Join your co-operative scheme. Of course I will. Send me 25 shares, for which I enclose Postal Note for £2 10s., and accept my thanks for the opportunity, and the best for up-to-date 'Modern Man,' the best pennyworth on the market."

* * *

MY AMBITION.

The letters that I have quoted from satisfy me so much, as they must do you, that I shall not now rest content until the 400,000 shilling shares have been distributed. This is not a difficult task to help me achieve, as it will only be necessary to secure the whole being allotted, and I encourage you to crown this ideal scheme of mine with success by immediately applying for five, ten, twenty, one hundred, or whatever number of these full profit sharing shilling shares you wish to possess.

I thank all readers who have so quickly responded to my offer, and take this opportunity of stating that reserved shares for all readers who have asked me for them this week.

The prospectus and application form appears in No. 1894 of this number.

YOUR EDITOR

SEND TO-DAY FOR "MODERN MAN" SHILLING SHARES.



THE MODERN MAN.—

No. 31: SIR HAROLD HARMSWORTH.

One of the acutest men who ever discovered how much is to be made out of the publishing business is presented to our readers this week.

To the successful exploitation of the taste of the general public in light and other literature, Sir Harold Sidney Harmsworth owes an enormous fortune, a baronetcy, a splendid estate—everything, in short, that makes life worth living.

Sir Harold is a man who does with the utmost thoroughness whatever his hand or brain finds to do.

In business, charitable organisation, or mere play or recreation, he enters with all his capacity. And the latter, we might almost say, is infinite.

Apart from his huge newspaper interests and his directorship of the Amalgamated Press, whose fine premises may be seen in our sketch, a few yards away from the offices of *Modern Man*, Sir Harold Harmsworth's work in the world is largely patriotic. He has done very much, financially otherwise, to foster the growth of the Territorial movement, with especial regard to the County of London Association, in which he has assisted very largely in its efforts to obtain the fact that the County of London Association is in a high measure the smartest Territorial units in a high measure.

The fact that the County of London Association is in a high measure the smartest Territorial units in a high measure is due to Sir Harold's untiring activities. The excellent institution, the Union Jack Club—for the support of Tommy Atkins and Jack Tar on leave in London—is one of Sir Harold Harmsworth's cherished causes.

His tastes, at the same time, also lie in the direction of learning and scholarship. He endowed the King Edward VII. Chair of English Literature at Cambridge University.

Sir Harold has three sons, who may be confidently expected to continue their father's pleasurable occupation of coining money from the printing press.

FOR PROSPECTUS AND APPLICATION FORM SEE NEXT PAGE.

A copy of this Prospectus has been filed with the Registrar of Joint Stock Companies.

BOWERMAN'S PRESS, LIMITED

INCORPORATED UNDER THE COMPANIES (CONSOLIDATION) ACT, 1908.

Share Capital - £25,000

Divided into 460,000 Ten per cent. Participating Ordinary Shares of 1/- each and 40,000 Deferred Shares of 1/- each.

Issue of 460,000 Ten Per cent. Participating Ordinary Shares now offered for Subscription Payable in full, 1/- per Share on Application.

The Participating Ordinary Shares now being issued will be entitled to a fixed dividend of 10 per cent. per annum. This dividend will rank both as to capital and dividends in priority to the Deferred Shares, and after £500 of the profits have been distributed to the Deferred Shareholders the remaining profits of the Company will be equally divided between the Ordinary Shareholders and the Deferred Shareholders. It is intended to pay dividends half-yearly on the 1st March and 1st September. The dividend in respect of the half-year to June 30th will be payable on September 1st, 1913, and will be calculated from the due date the shares were applied for.

Thirty-nine thousand nine hundred and two of the Deferred Shares of 1/- each have already been issued and Debentures of £100 each, making a total value of £4,500.

Directors.

CARY GODFREY BOWERMAN, Esq. (Chairman and Managing Director), Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London.
GEORGE BOWERMAN, Esq., Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. (Advertising Director).
G. DAVID MAGIN, Esq., Sunnyside, Devonshire Road, Forest Hill (Circulation Manager).

Bankers.

PARR'S BANK, Limited, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

Auditors.

JOHN BARRINGTON & Co., 45, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.

Secretary & Registered Offices.

Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.

The Company was originally formed as a printing and publishing business for the purpose of acquiring the copyright and goodwill of the well-known topical illustrated weekly newspaper "MODERN MAN," and the monthly fashion book known as "BOWERMAN'S DRESSMAKER" and CATALOGUE OF FASHIONS.

"MODERN MAN" has been established over four years, and the rapid increase in circulation in the past six months clearly demonstrates how highly the public appreciate the many improvements that have been made in the paper. The circulation for the month of December, 1912, shows an increase of 49,799 copies over the month of June, 1912.

"BOWERMAN'S DRESSMAKER" was first published in April, 1911, and has proved a great success. It is original in many ways, and is an interesting fashion monthly, giving practical advice to the many thousands who make their own clothes. The circulation steadily increases month by month.

The revenue derived from the publications for the past twelve months amount to £5,688 17s. 5d.

The chief object of the present issue is to adopt the beneficial principle of giving the readers, newsagents, and others connected with the publications an opportunity of acquiring a proprietary interest, and thereby of furthering the progress of the papers as well as of sharing in the profits.

A large proportion of the new Capital will be expended in advertising your papers, and by this means the Directors believe they can still further increase the circulation of "MODERN MAN" during the next twelvemonth by another 75,000 copies per week and "BOWERMAN'S DRESSMAKER" by another 50,000 copies per issue. This extra circulation would bring a much greater advertisement revenue into the paper.

The following is an estimate of the profits which may be expected to result from the additional circulation and advertisement revenue to the Company:—

Profits from extra circulation on the basis of the present cost of printing and paper	£6,100 0 0
From extra advertisement revenue	4,520 0 0
	£10,620 0 0
Less additional office expenses and commissions	1,000 0 0
	£9,620 0 0

The amount required to pay 10 per cent. on 460,000 Ordinary Shares now to be issued	£2,300 0 0
The amount agreed to be paid on the Deferred Shares	500 0 0
	£2,800 0 0

Leaving the sum of

DO NOT DELAY IN ASKING FOR SHARES.

WHICH WOULD BE MORE THAN SUFFICIENT TO FURTHER DIVIDEND OF TEN PER CENT. ON THE ORDINARY SHARES AND A SIMILAR AMOUNT TO DEFERRED SHARES AND TO PROVIDE £2,000 FOR RESERVE.

To avoid disappointment you are requested to apply for the number of shares you require. Preference will be given to readers, newsagents, and others interested in the publication. Not less than five shares will be allotted to any one person.

No cash has been paid to any promoters, and the vendors have no cash consideration.

Applications for shares should be made at once on the printed form, and forwarded to the Secretary of the Company together with a remittance for the full amount of the shares applied for.

Cheques should be made payable to Bowerman's Press, Limited, or bearer. If in any case the number of shares allotted is less than those applied for the surplus will be returned in full.

Prospectuses and Forms of Application can be obtained from the Registered Offices of the Company, Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London.

Dated January 24th, 1913.

BOWERMAN'S PRESS, LIMITED.

Incorporated under the Companies (Consolidation) Act, 1908.

Form of Application for Shares.

To the Directors of BOWERMAN'S PRESS, LIMITED, GENTLEMEN,

I enclose herewith the sum of £..... being payment in full for 10 per cent. Participating Ordinary Shares of 1s. each in the above Company. I hereby apply and request you to allot to me that number of shares, and I hereby agree to accept the same or any less number which may be allotted to me in accordance with the terms of the Company's Prospectus filed with the Registrar of Joint Stock Companies, and the Memorandum and Articles of Association of the Company, and I authorise you to place my name on the Register of Members of the Company as the holder of such shares allotted to me.

Name in full

Mr., Mrs., or Miss

Address

Description

Usual Signature

Date

TABLOID TOPICS.

Some Pithy Pen Points.

Mr. Plowden says he can get very little help from veterinary surgeon witnesses. And yet a good many asses go into the police courts.

The panel doctors are complaining of overwork. They say that the Act is an "ill" wind that blows nobody any good.

A man should dress according to his occupation," says a famous Londoner. To apply this rule to women would make them uncomfortable for the artist's model.

A man charged with drunkenness at Stratford was said to have walked up to a mirror at Leytonstone and had a sham fight with himself. This glass was one too many for him.

Some women would rather be unhappy than out of fashion."—Judge.

Our Jane has got the whooping-cough
And Jimmy has the mumps,
While mother's caught an awful cold
And father's in the dumps.
The rent is six month's overdue,
But still I choose to smile.
Because the dress I bought last year
Is in the latest style.

In six years London has become the healthiest city in the world for babies. Therefore all babies should insist on being born in London.

"Can women shoot as well as men?" is the latest topic of discussion in the Press. One fact is certain; women, as well as men, shoot.

The Marylebone Guardians are considering a proposal to establish a Band of Hope among the workhouse inmates. A splendid example of Faith, Hope—and Charity.

INEBRIATES' HOMES.

Not a Want, but a Waste.

Public money is squandered and wasted in many ways. One of those ways is in the maintenance of Homes or Reformatories for Habitual Inebriates. In this connection, "Homes" and "Reformatories" are equivalent terms, although they ought never to have been allowed to become so. The object of these institutions being the reformation of their inmates, "Reformatories" is obviously the correct name for them, the other word being a polite, but ineffectual disguise.

An Absolute Failure.

Do these Reformatories reform? No, says Mr. Mead, the experienced magistrate of Marlborough Street Police Court; they are "absolutely a failure." The long records of his Court do not contain a single successful case.

To pay thousands of pounds annually for the upkeep of Inebriates' Reformatories that reformed inebriates might be worth while (if less expensive facilities were unavailable), but to spend money on Reformatories that don't reform is a scandalous waste of public funds.

The costly experiment of segregating habitual drunkards in specially maintained establishments was tried in good faith; we assert that investigation would substantiate our allegation that the experiment has failed.

Power for Magistrates.

As alternative establishments, we have what we had—the prison and the workhouse. Habitual drunkenness is a cross between a crime and a disease; in some instance prison is "suggested" and in others—and in more—the workhouse or the workhouse infirmary.

In the workhouse every meetable requirement would be met. Let magistrates have the power to order the detention of inebriates in the "Union." The saving effected by abolishing the futile "Reformatories" would be worth much.

**BIG PRIZE
FOR
FOOTBALL
FORECASTS.**

£250

**YOU CAN SEND
AS
MANY COUPONS
AS YOU LIKE.**

Footballers can earn big money by entering our Football Skill Competition. Put your football knowledge to the test this week. Remember entrance fee, and you can send in as many coupons as you like.

WHAT READERS HAVE TO DO.

On this page is given an entry form containing the names of football clubs engaged in matches in the First, Second, and Southern Leagues on Saturday, February 15th and for the prize of £250 you have to draw a line in ink through the name of the club you forecast will lose. Where you predict a draw leave in names of both teams. To the reader from whom we receive an entrance form showing the correct results of the matches given below we will award the sum of £250. In the event of no set of forecasts received representing the whole of the correct results £25 will be forwarded to the competitor whose effort is nearest to the correct results. Entry forms must be filled up in ink; erasion or alterations will disqualify the form; and in the event of a tie or ties, the prize will be divided.

CONDITIONS GOVERNING THE COMPETITION.

(1) The coupon appearing on this page you will fill in the names of teams playing in sixteen matches next Saturday, February 15th. Cross out the names of the teams you predict will lose. Where you forecast a draw don't cross out either name.

(2) Having done this, fill in your name and address in the space provided, cut out the entrance form and send it addressed to MODERN MAN, No. 16 Football Competition, Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. The entrance form must reach us not later than first post on February 14th. Any arriving later will be disqualified.

You can send in as many coupons as they like. Only one of the firm can enter the competition.

The prize of £250 will be awarded to the competitor whose forecast represents the correct solutions of all the matches played, but if the whole of the sixteen matches played the £250 prize will be reduced to £25.

In the event of no Entrance Form containing all the correct solutions, £25 will be awarded to the reader of the paper nearest to the correct result.

In the event of a tie, or ties, in this Competition, the prize will be equally divided.

Responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for the non-delivery of any effort, and evidence of receipt will not be accepted as evidence of receipt.

Correspondence will be entered into in connection with the competition, neither will interviews be granted. A coupon on which any alteration of any description has been made will be disqualified.

Scottish readers who are domiciled in Scotland are excluded from entering this competition, and no coupon bearing a Scottish address can be accepted.

MODERN MAN FOOTBALL CONTEST.—No. 16.

Matches to be played on Saturday, February 15th. Cross out—in ink—the name of the team you forecast will lose. For a draw do not cross out either name.

ASTON VILLA	v.	BLACKBURN ROVERS.
BOLTON WANDERERS	v.	EVERTON.
CHELSEA	v.	WOOLWICH ARSENAL.
MANCHESTER UNITED	v.	DERBY COUNTY.
MIDDLESBROUGH	v.	SUNDERLAND.
OLDHAM ATHLETIC	v.	BRADFORD CITY.
CLAPTON ORIENT	v.	LINCOLN CITY.
GLOSSOP	v.	NOTTS FOREST.
HULL CITY	v.	BRISTOL CITY.
PRESTON NORTH END	v.	HUDDERSFIELD.
STOKPORT COUNTY	v.	LEEDS CITY.
WOLVERHAMPTON W.	v.	BURY.
MILLWALL	v.	QUEEN'S PARK RANGERS.
EXETER CITY	v.	READING.
WEST HAM	v.	SOUTHAMPTON.
COVENTRY CITY	v.	CRYSTAL PALACE.

I agree to abide by the conditions governing this Competition, and to accept as final the result published in *Modern Man*. I enter the Competition on this distinct understanding.

Signature

Address

OUR FOOTBALL COMPETITION IS QUITE FREE.

LONDON READER WINS THE PRIZE THIS WEEK.

WIT AND WISDOM FOR THE LADIES



SAFE!

"Oh, Harold, here comes papa!"
"Never mind, love! He's too fat to get in this picture."

According to M. le Double, professor of medicine at Tours, the men of the future will have shorter arms than the men of to-day. Fortunately there is a tendency for women's waists to get smaller and smaller each year.

Importance of Sleep.

For the average adult, doing a fair day's work, eight hours sleep are generally regarded as representing a fitting period of rest. Certain persons, however, by reason of their constitution, may require a slight addition to this period, while others, again, are capable of maintaining health on a somewhat less liberal allowance.

Medical officers of schools have recently declared themselves in favour of extending the hours of sleep for young and growing bodies, and a period of from nine to ten hours may be reckoned as probably being required for the health of both sexes during the period of adolescence.

Beware of Pets!

The death of three ships' apprentices from plague, caught from a pet rabbit they kept on board, indicates the care that should always be taken in the selection and supervision of domestic animals.

A prominent medical officer of health has said that cats often suffer from influenza and catarrh, which are transmissible to human beings; pigeons and fowls harbour fleas—a frequent source of infection, and even the parrot is not entirely free from suspicion. Pets should be kept scrupulously clean, and not permitted to approach sick rooms.

Bella: I hope you stood up for me when Kate hinted that my hair wasn't natural?

Ella: Indeed, I did. I told her that no one with any taste at all would think of buying hair of that dull drab shade.

Neglected hands can be quite easily improved. Wash them with hot water and soap, so as to remove any adhering dirt. Put a handful of oatmeal into a bowl large enough to admit both hands. Three-parts fill it with boiling water, stir well, and leave it until it is lukewarm. Soak your hands in it for five minutes, wipe them, and trim the nails.

Dip the end of an orange stick (bought in little bundles at any chemist or hairdresser) into vaseline or cold cream, and gently press down the cuticle at the base of the nail. Rub the hand over with lemon-juice, allow it to dry, and then rinse in lukewarm water.

"Bridget," floated downward a voice, "if that is Mrs. Wombat, I'm not in."

"It is Mrs. Wombat," floated upward a voice, "and she's very glad to hear it."

An expert statistician declares that suicide is on the increase all the world over, and a curious, but not a new fact, in regard to these suicides is again emphasised, and that is that the bright summer months seem to be more conducive to suicide than the winter time. June, July and August head

the list for the number of cases of self-destruction, the fewest number are in February and December. The frequent motive assigned for the acts were ill-health, disappointment and deception in love, and poverty.

Youngsters and Humour.

"The ability to see fun in most of the occurrences is a blessing," writes a lady, who emphasises that it is the duty of a mother to thrust it upon her children.

"Even a tiny bit of humour can be and should be cultivated from birth," she says. "I know one mother who used to laugh with her small toddler whenever he lost his balance and sat down hard after the manner of a piece of humanity taking its initial steps. The first time this occurred the small face was puckered preparatory to crying for the thump and jar was not pleasant; but before the mother could come the mother's cheery laugh rang out, and the surprise baby gasped and forgot to cry. Then when he exclaimed, 'O baby, what a funny thing you did!' he caught the humour."

"Train your child to ask himself, 'Will this jest be one?' If so, it is a mistake. But when one can find one's own mishaps, or when one can pick a good joke from the seemingly worthless bits of hard and cold scraps over which one must tramp on the cinder-path of the a-day world, is it not better to toss it aside with a laugh to stub one's toe painfully against it?"

Hidden Wills.

The will found in a scrap-book which has come into the court recently before the Dumfries Sheriff's Court is one of the many that have been discovered in unlooked for places. Rider Haggard's story of the will tattooed on a man's back is nearly equalled by the case in which a dead man's arm, carefully preserved, was produced in the probate court. On the flesh appeared the last wishes of the testator concerning his estate. It is a common thing to find a will hidden away in a family Bible, in a secret cavity, the existence of which was entirely unsuspected, and a will has been found to have been concealed among the wire strings of a pianoforte.



In the beginning no clothes at all.

512 B. C.

The Greeks wore a garment or two.

1730 A. D.

The limit was reached. No more clothes could be added, so they started

1912, A. D.,

Back to

THE TREND OF FASHION.—Judge.

Eleven hairpins and seventy ordinary pins were found from the body of an Aberdeen woman during an examination. Presumably not a case of the fashionable disease of ap-pin-dicitis.

IF YOU LIKE "MODERN MAN" SEND FOR SOME SHARES.

The Most Thrilling Melodrama ever written.

“SIN”

(The Wages of Sin is Death.)

BY

MARIE CONNOR LEIGHTON,

Author of “Hush Money,” “Convict 99,” etc., etc.

CHAPTER XIII. (continued).

THE PRICE OF HARRY EARLE'S RESCUE.

handsome young creature in whose ear the assistant of Portmill Convict Prison had spoken stood silent for from sheer amazement and dismay. Then the question all its deadly significance came, again: you prepared to pay, or do you prefer to be exposed? Can't you answer? Of course, you're startled, and, of a moment awkward for you. I haven't got over the myself yet. Talk about knocking anybody down rather—why, you could have knocked me down with when the truth first dawned on me as I carried you one room to the other. You, Lord Clarestone, with a inherited peerage and a seat in the House of Lords, and to give to any girl that you may pretend to choose turn out to be a woman! Why, it's simply staggering. It would be the sensation of the year if it got to be He was nearly choking in his excitement. Lennie went to the door and locked it, and then walked to and fro in the room. This is just the accident I have been foreseeing all my and coming through the ceiling. I wish to heaven never taken the sleeping draught. It would have been right then. But I was so tired of lying awake hour after hour, night after night, and I had a disappointment yesterday evening because of my secret—the secret of my womanhood! That has never kept me awake for ten minutes in my whole life—not the fear of being found out. It was something else. I was a mad fool to take that drug—here in an hotel—away from the safety of my own place. I might have known something would happen. Still, somebody was bound to do some day, and it's a good thing it's a man of your name; because I can pay you to be silent.”

“Ah! you're going to pay, are you?” he cried triumphantly. “You'll have to do it by marrying me. Oh, not openly; because, of course, you couldn't marry any man openly without giving away. Good Lord, only to think of it all makes me quite content to be the secret husband of the duke. That sounds funny, doesn't it? But it's a would suit me splendidly. All you've got to do now is to say when the wedding shall be. We can go abroad for North of Scotland might be safe—and you can put on woman's clothes for one day only. Then we'll keep the secret till the end of time. I've written out my resignation of my post as doctor at the prison, already.”

“Oh, you have, have you? Well, perhaps you were right enough to do that. But, as for my marrying you—that's a different thing. I can't do that. I can't do it because I love that cousin of yours in the prison—Harry Earle!”

“That's the young doctor angrily. He is the man. As we are telling each other the truth as well admit it. He is my cousin. The peerage is right, and he knows it. Why I wanted to see him was to offer to confess my sex openly and hand him the title and the property if he would make me his wife. He would not, because his heart is full of another woman. Later on he will forget her and then he will take the worldly honour and wealth that I offer him.”

“Change had come on the doctor's face. You have told him your secret, he may betray you at any moment,” he cried, in alarm.

“I will not do that. He is a gentleman. If he does ask for his own and make me Lady Clarestone, he will ask for either the title or the property.”

“Humph!” The assistant doctor had begun to pace the room in his turn. “Well, if you won't marry me, how are you going to pay me for holding my tongue?”

“By buying you a good practice in the West-end of London and starting you well on the way to success. That will pay you quite well enough for doing what a manly man ought to do for nothing.”

“Humph!” said the assistant doctor again. He had stopped in his pacing, and was following her moving figure with eyes that were still full of amazement. “This is such a staggering business, anyhow, that I don't seem able to see daylight in it yet. Still, a good West-end practice would suit me very well, so we'll let it be at that. What if this cousin of yours in the prison changes his mind and elects to forget his first love and take you and the title after all? I'm not going to have you go back on your word then, and leave me stranded. You'd better write out the promise to buy me the practice in consideration of my rendering you some service or other—you needn't say exactly what service. Then I shall feel safe.”

Without answering him in words, Lennie Shoreham went to a writing table in a corner of the room and wrote out and signed the promise he wanted her to make. When she had handed it to him, she said:

“You must get away from your work at the prison at once, by some means or other, and come back to London with me. I want to make you my regular medical attendant, so that, at any time anything should happen to me, you can be at hand to look after me and do any certifying that may be necessary. In this way, even if I should die, the truth as to my having been a woman need never be discovered.”

“You may trust me for that as long as you arrange to pay me all right for my part in it,” declared the young prison doctor with cool confidence. “When do you want to go back to town?”

“To-night. I can't do any more good down here now. But before we go you'll have to go back to the prison and manage to deliver a note I shall give you for Harry Earle. You needn't run any risks by leaving it with him. If he gets one look at it that will be enough. Of course, you will find it easy enough to give it to him. You have the excuse of going to doctor his hand which he burnt with a hot iron in the tailors' shop. You had better go over at once with the letter. I will write it now. And don't come back without having delivered it. I will wait for you, however long you are. We can leave by the last train to-night, or even an early one to-morrow morning. But Harry Earle must get this note before we go.”

Sitting down again, she wrote half a dozen lines in a quick, desperate way. These were the lines:

“It depends upon me, Harry, whether you come out with a cleared name or stay where you are until your ten years' sentence is worked out. If you change your mind and take my offer, send me for sign a cross inside a circle. Never mind about any words. This sign can be your secret call to me now that Jasmine Floyd is gone where you cannot call her any more. When you have read this letter, tear it up into little pieces, and give the pieces back to the assistant doctor. Send me the call, for Jasmine Floyd would have had it so. I shall wait for it from hour to hour.”

When she travelled with the assistant doctor to London that night she kept on saying over and over to herself: “Harry will love me yet. He believes Jasmine Floyd is dead. And he cannot for the mere sake of a dead woman's memory doom himself for ten years to a disgraced and branded life and hold himself back from a peerage and from wealth. And, after all, I am handsome. Many a man might want me for myself, quite apart from what I have to give. And Harry will send me the call. He will send me the call before many days are past. He will send it to me even though he may hate me for not saving him from his shame and misery without demanding the payment of a price.”

"God help me! It is you! It is you! And yet it is not you when you are lying in your grave? But it is your face! Oh, I must be seeing a vision! This is the end coming to me—the end that I have been dreaming of!"

The soft hand of the girl closed on the cold, thin hand outside the satin quilt.

"No, mother, no! You are not going to die. You are going to live. I have come here to save you—to tell you that you must live for my sake. It was in Carl Stuttermann's house—not me whom you buried. Hush! Try not to make a sound. I must not wake if we can help it. I have come only to see you and tell you not to worry any more, but to get well in order that we may be happy together again one day soon."

"Why? I can't understand."

The man who a few minutes ago had been very near to death, striving to raise himself upon her elbow. Jasmine, the girl, put her finger against her almost bloodless lips, and in token that a caution very nearly akin to silence was necessary.

"I tell you everything now, mother, dearest, but wait. Now I can only say to you again and again that I am living—that the girl whom you buried in the ground was only a girl who happened to be very like me. I sent to Carl Stuttermann's house in my clothes to keep an appointment that I had made. She must have been amazingly like me since her deceiving even your eyes—the eyes of a mother. I deceived because there was a reason—a terrible reason. I should not speak. It was for your own sake that I suffer, my darling mother. Some day perhaps I will tell you why, but I cannot tell you now. No one in the world except you must know that I am not in that grave. I could swear they saw me laid."

"I not tell even your father?" breathed Mrs. Floyd, in consternation.

"Not my father? Indeed, my father, least of all. Let him think me dead. It is best. Only you will know the truth, and you will not grieve for me as you have been doing. Keep silent and get better and I will come soon. Remember that this was not a dream, but that my father is still alive. Now I must go before the nurse wakes."

"Wait a moment!" Her mother caught her hand as she was going away. "How is Harry Earle—Harry Earle whom you loved? Ah! you thought I did not know all that he was to me. It is just because I know how much you love him that I am telling you now how a letter came to me from him—the prison—a little while ago. I don't know what was the matter, but he was ill—very ill—and wanted me to help him. The letter came at night and I opened it in my room and was beginning to read it when the lights went out and the sheet of paper was snatched out of my hands in the darkness. A few seconds later the lights came again, but there was no sign of anyone. I searched everywhere, but could not find it. And the worst of it was that I know he was asking me to do something—or go to prison—as to find proof of his innocence. I hadn't time to do so, but my eye caught a good deal that was at the bottom of the page. And I've felt since that that letter was snatched from me."

"But who could have done it? Who could have seen what I was doing and where it came from in time to snatch it?"

"You had read it!"

"I don't think," came the panted-out answer. "It was all so sudden that I could not be sure of anything. There were names and directions in the letter. It is terrible to think that it has been lost—lost!"

"You must try to remember, mother darling. You will remember something—enough to help me to do something by and by. I will come again. But I must go now. The nurse is moving restlessly. And you must promise me that you will fight for your life, mother—because I am living and depending on you. But not a word to a living soul about me! Not a word!"

As she was going, the room door behind her, Jasmine slipped through the door as she had done in coming only a few minutes ago. She nearly reached the window by which she had entered and which she meant to get away, when the voice that had been snatched from more than any other voice in the room cried out in a half-German guttural tone, with an oath:

"Who are you that are slinking through the room like a thief?"

"Who could escape, the sudden light of a small electric lamp flashed upon her features. There was another oath, and Carl Stuttermann's arms were round her, and his eyes were fixed on her face.

"You little beauty! You're living then, aren't you? Ah! I'll deal with you! I'll deal with you!"

THE CONCLUDING INSTALMENT OF THIS POWERFUL MELODRAMA WILL APPEAR NEXT WEEK, AND A NEW SERIES OF VERY SENSATIONAL STORIES WILL COMMENCE, SO DON'T FAIL TO ORDER A COPY OF "MODERN MAN" IN ADVANCE TO AVOID DISAPPOINTMENT.

JOHN PIGGOTT'S

WONDERFUL VALUE!

SPECIAL REDUCTIONS IN READY MADE RIDING BREECHES

(During February Sale only).

READY-TO-WEAR RIDING BREECHES.

Sizes as under:—

Waist...30, 32, 34, 36, 38in. Important—Always state height.

CF163. Bedford Cords. Usual 9/6. Sale 7/9

CF164. Whipcord and Derby Tweeds. Usual 10/6. Sale 8/11

CF165. Ditto (Super quality), Usual 12/6. Sale 9/11

CF166. Fancy and Plain Riding Tweeds. Usual 16/6. Sale 13/11

CF167. Ditto (Best quality), Usual 18/6. Sale 15/11

The above are stocked in Self Strappings and Button Knees, Leather Strappings, Lace Knees. Send size round waist and calf.

Write for Patterns and our Easy Self-measure Form.



SEND FOR LIST.

FEBRUARY SALE.

Cycling (Double Seated) Knicker Breeches.

Made in good, strong, hard-wearing Tweeds.

	Usual Price.	Sale Price.	
CF168 ..	6/6 & 7/6	5/3 per pair.	Postage 3d.
CF169 ..	8/- & 9/-	6/6	"
CF170 ..	10/6 & 12/6	7/11	"

Send size round waist. Patterns can be had of Cycling Breeches, but they do not represent the selection of this line, many being single pairs cut from remnants.

117, 118, CHEAPSIDE, And MILK STREET, LONDON, E.C.

REFORM CLUB SENSATION.

Membership of the Reform Club means so much, politically and socially, that the simultaneous resignation of Mr. Winston Churchill and Mr. Lloyd George instantly excited public comment and question, and developments were awaited with growing interest, the air being full of rumours. There was no secret about the cause of the withdrawal of the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the First Lord of the Admiralty—their friend Baron de Forest, Radical M.P. for West Ham North, whose election to the Club one had seconded and both supported, had been "pilled." But what was the cause of the cause? In other words, why had Baron de Forest—alone among a batch of candidates—been rejected? Within the Club it had become known that the attempt was to be made, and in a vain efforts to prevent its success a number of M.P. members absented themselves from the House on the night of the voting, in order to back up the Baron.

We are in a position to assert that there is more behind the determination to keep him out than has yet "transpired." The real reasons are not particularly creditable to those who urged them, and in no sense and no degree discreditable to the rejected candidate, whose private and public life is above suspicion and beyond reproach. Exclusive as the Reform Club is, there isn't a better man—without any regard to his politics, one way or the other—in it than Baron de Forest. The constitution and status of the "Reform" being what they are, dissensions within it mean dissensions "in another House." "There's the rub."

LONDON READER WINS OUR FOOTBALL PRIZE.

No. 14 FOOTBALL COMPETITION.

In connection with our No. 14 Football Competition, a London reader succeeded in giving fourteen correct results out of the matches played, and therefore takes the prize of £25. The fortunate person is:—

W. GREGORY, 4, BESSON STREET, LONDON, S.E.

YOU MUST READ THE NEWS IN "MY NOTEBOOK." SEE PAGE 1892.

STOCKS AND SHARES

BY "ORTHOS," THE FINANCIAL EDITOR.

With the exception of curtailing speculative business the resumption of activity in the Balkans has had little effect on markets.

There has been considerable buying among Home Rails owing to some good dividend announcements, the feature of the past week being Great Northern Deferred, which at one time showed a rise of no less than four points. I have repeatedly advised my readers to pick up this stock as one of the best lock ups in the Railway market.

There has also been a good deal of buying of Brighton Deferred, South Eastern Deferred, and Little Chats.

I understand there has again been a good response for the Bowerman's Press Fully Paid one shilling shares, which I have strongly recommended to my readers the last two weeks.

These shares are a most attractive speculation, and if the whole of the issue is applied for I have satisfied myself that the company can earn very large profits, which means big dividends for the shareholders, and the shares rising to a high premium.

I should like to mention here that the primary object of the Editor of *Modern Man* is to secure thousands of small shareholders interested in the paper, and so as to make this possible it was agreed that applications for only five, ten or twenty shares would be appreciated and would only cost the reader the trifling sum of 5s., 10s., or 20s. respectively.

I have been asked to point out after the 1s. is paid there is no other liability whatever on the part of the applicant; but beyond the 10 per cent. dividend, which ranks in priority to the Deferred shares, the readers' shares are entitled to participate in the full profits of the Company.

If you have not yet applied for some of these shares I would like you to do so now, as 500 would only cost you £25, and I want you to have an interest in this good thing.

Readers will remember my drawing their attention to another good publishing enterprise a few weeks ago, viz., the Amalgamated Press, Limited. When I first advised the shares they were cum dividend and quoted at about 6½, and although the fat dividend declared has since been paid the shares have steadily risen in price, and are now quoted at £7 per piece.

Here again I hope my readers took my advice and secured some of the shares, and although they may not be so attractive-looking as Bowerman's Press 1s. shares, which can be obtained at the moment at par, all the same they are worth holding.

There are two very attractive stocks in the American Market now worth my readers' attention. They are Erie Common at about 31½ dollars, and Rock Island at 25 dollars. The Erie railroad is fast coming to the fore, and for the six months ending December 31st last, the returns show a gross increase in revenue of no less than 2,727,000 dollars. This substantial improvement is worth noting, and when one considers that this stock was standing at 30½ only two or three months ago my readers have a very excellent opportunity of now securing an interest at a very low price owing to the dull markets prevailing during the last two or three months.

A small priced oil share that is worth my readers' attention is the North Caucasian Oil Fields.

The Oil output for the week ending January 28th was 1,617 tons against the corresponding period for last year of 298 tons.

North Caucasian are a 2s. share, and the present quotation is 3s. 6d.

Other shares, in the oil market worth following are Transport, Spies Petroleum, Mexican Eagle, and Premier Oil.

There is still a steady demand among rubber small priced shares in companies which have just the dividend paying list.

Chersonese is one of these, and another good one that is doing remarkably well is the Merlimau Estates. When the Merlimau Prospectus was issued the company estimated its output for 1912 at 96,250 tons, estimate has been far and away exceeded, the actual having been 155,208 lbs.

Merlimau shares are certainly worth picking up at present price of 4s. 9d. each.

I warn my readers to have nothing whatever to do with Ropp Shares in the Tin market, they bring about as much danger for the outsider to speculate in. I also warn in the list Anglo Continental, and Benue.

Rayfields I recommended at 17s. 6d. are now 18s. of the best in the Nigerian group. Among other shares and Bauchi Ordinary are worth holding.

Readers will remember my specially drawing attention to the Malayan Tin Dredging shares at 3s. although I mentioned they were now at a high price, they would go much better. The last few days the shares have been in strong demand, and have risen to £4.

The company's big dredger is now at work, and its output for the month of January is 295 piculs, value £2,407; cost of working, £779. I understand that more dredgers have been ordered for this company.

Little has been doing in the Rhodesian Market, in spite of the dull times Exploring Land and Minerals, and I hope readers who purchased these shares on the 15th will soon see them at 8s. or 9s.

As space does not permit for

BRIEF REPLIES

this week I am replying to all applications by post.

THE FINANCIAL EDITOR WILL BE PLEASED TO ANSWER ENQUIRY BY POST ON RECEIPT OF P.O. FOR SIXPENCE BY WIRE, ONE SHILLING.

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"MODERN MAN" SHARES ARE AN ATTRACTIVE SPECULATION

SURNAME CURIOSITIES.

Is Yours One of Them?

It was the luck of unlucky Harry Luck the other day to be sent to prison by Mr. Magistrate Hedderwick for six weeks for the offence of "loitering with felonious intent." After this," said the defending solicitor, "my client will have to change his name."

"He had better change his occupation," retorted the magistrate, who may have had in mind the fact that trade, or occupation, names are very numerous. They date back in this country so long ago as the tenth century.

To this class of sur-nomenclature belong, for instance, the names of all the families of Arrowsmith, Baker, Butcher, Barber, Beadel, Bellringer, Butler, Blower, Brewer, Carter, Cowman, Cheeseman, Cherryman, Cartwright, Clark, Chandler, Collier, Capper, Cook, Cleaver, Cooper, Crier (from the work of the Town Crier), Draper, Dyer, Diver, Driver, Fiddler, Farmer, Flaxman, Glover, Goldsmith, Hatter, Hosier, Hayman, Honeyman, Harper, Ironmonger, Jarman, Leadbetter (or Leadbeater), Lockman, Miller, Miner, Mason, Messenger, Potter, Pitman, Packman, Painter, Pedler, Pinman, Piper, Page, Shipman, Seaman, Slater, Smith, Saddler, Skinner, Shearer, Shepherd, Salter, Sexton, Thatcher, Turner, Tinker, Waterman, Waiters, Wright, Wheelwright, Weaver, Workman—some of the variants of these names. It is in keeping that some of the sort should be coupled with their respective belongings: thus at the side of Mr. Shepherd we have Mr. Crook; Mr. Carter we see in company with Mr. Cart, and Mr. Driver with Mr. Car; with Mr. Carpenter, Messrs. Saw, Plane, Wrench, Rule, Screw, Staples, Files, and Glue.

Not One Fictitious.

Mr. Glazier would have no work if it were not for Mr. Glass; Mr. Shoemsmith is in congenial company with Mr. Forge; Mr. Gardener is assisted by Messrs. Greenhouse, Seeds, Shears, Barrow, Hoe, Hose, etc.; Mr. Forester is chummy with Mr. Hatcher; Mr. Cashman has his friend Mr. Ledger; and Mrs. Nurse a helpmate in Miss Cradle. Messrs. Osler and Groom we find among the Stables and Stirrup, where may be seen Messrs. Saddle, Bridle, Rein, and Stack; Messrs. Sack, Wheat, Meal, Oats, Grain, Bran, Hay, Straw, and Clover, for the use of Messrs. Mare, Mule, and Mules; while Messrs. Stoker and Guard are lawless up with Danger, Speed, Train, and Funnel. After by Court, Case, and Fee. Together go Press, Postage, and Stamps. All the names we have mentioned, and are to mention, are bona-fide surnames, not one being fictitious. Among people bearing names singularly appropriate to their actual callings we have met Truefit, a tailor; Suett, a Butcher; Heel, a bootmaker; Dodge and Wynne, solicitors in partnership; Rev. Wellbeloved, a minister; and Rev. Allchurch, a clergyman.

Concerning Place Names.

Place names, given to associate people with their places of residence, are another very numerous class. These can almost always be recognised as what they are, but sometimes, as with all names, the variations into which they pass obscure their origin. At first sight, an Overton (of Cheshire) does not appear to go about the world with the same name as that of Dorton—but every Dorton was first an Overton (a man who lived above, or over, a town). The first form of Overton was de, or of, Overton (William de Overton, or of Overton). As Overton soon and naturally become attracted into o'er, and o'er into or, out comes Dorton (or Orton). To present, from another group of surnames, a second illustration of how names get changed, Saunders is simply a variant of Alexander. The first three letters of the latter may be regarded as a prefix, and prefixes used to get dropped about all over the place. Getting, then, to the x, x and s were very commonly used the one for the other—Chaucer spells Alexander with an s. Thus the abbreviation Sander is arrived at—the same thing as for son. The final s in Saunders (or Sanders) is short for son, as it is in almost every name ending with son—Alexander, Saunder's son, Saunderson, Saunders, all from causative circumstances. Given and taken in connection with divers hereditary until about the year 1,000, and only full established among the common people in the reign of Edward the Second.

ROUND THE RING.

Boxers and their Movements.

The principal bout at the National Sporting Club to-night will be the Middleweight elimination contest between Pat O'Keeffe, the Canning Town Irishman, and Private Harris, the soldier with a record.

Pat has been feeling hurt at being overlooked last year when the "heads" were casting round for a suitable opponent for Jim Sullivan. However, Pat means to make up for lost time, and if he does half the things to Harris he says he will, he'll get hung for sure.

* * *

Up in Aberdare to-night Freddie Welsh and Brevieres (France) meet. Welsh will sail for the States shortly, and is just keeping in trim by taking on a few "lemons" in the interim. Next Monday he will box Legrand at Sheffield.

* * *

On Wednesday, the 13th inst., Frenchmen will be honoured by the presence of the rotund form of Billy Papke, the Thunderbolt from Illinois. Billy wants to get hold of the mundane title with both hands, and will probably meet Frank Klaus in the near future. Papke will have to beat Klaus and Eddie McGoorty before anybody will listen to his aspirations

* * *

Georges Carpentier, following the fashion, has been flying round the Continent in his auto. In trying to dodge a furniture van near his home he wasn't quite smart enough and went bang into it. The irate owner of the van went for the champion, not knowing him, but Georgie gently slapped his face.

* * *

Jack Johnson has bobbed up again. This time it is Al. Palzer who will meet him for the championship in June at the Cirque de Paris. I don't fink.

CYCLE MEMS.

Cyclists will doubtless remember a recent prosecution of a man who was offering for sale £12 12s. cycles for £3 3s. on the "owner having gone abroad" excuse. The machines proved to be rubbish, not worth 30s. I have received a hint that the system is being exploited in the direction of second-hand motor cycles, the idea being the placing of new tanks in worn-out frames with engines in a similar state. Anyone having doubts of the bona-fides of a machine offered him should communicate with the alleged makers at once.

* * *

The recent silencer trial conducted at Brooklands has conclusively proved that with the present-day silencers the loss of power through back pressure is infinitesimal, and there is now not the slightest excuse for those so-called "Knuts" who delight in making themselves a nuisance to everybody by riding minus silencers.

* * *

At the same time, if the regulations against cut-outs soon to be law is strictly enforced, a new danger will arise, that of the silent motor cycle, which will be an added danger to both rider and pedestrians.

What's in your Cigarette?

You really ought to know.

The BEST safeguard is to make your own, selecting a Good Tobacco and rolling it in the well-known Cigarette Paper "A.G." The Brand "A.G." is guaranteed pure and free from chemicals, thus ensuring a Cool and More Lasting smoke.

The special process of manufacture imparts to

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that essential strength combined with extreme thinness which go to make up the perfect cigarette.

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DO NOT DELAY IN ACQUIRING "MODERN MAN" SHARES.

RAPID PHYSICAL CULTURE.

By Our Expert.



THIGH MUSCLES.

A capital exercise for the walker and cyclist is performed as follows:—

Stand at attention, and place the hands on the hips, with the elbows forced well together.

Then, without altering the poise of the body, raise one foot from the ground and extend the leg backwards, as shown in the sketch.

Force it back as far as it will go, until you feel the strain telling on the muscles at the back of the thigh.

Return the leg slowly to the starting position, and, transferring the weight to it, repeat the process with the other leg, and so on alternately.

About a dozen times with each leg will be quite sufficient at first, but do not attempt to do the exercise any stated number of times; just stop when you are tired.

Be careful to retain the upright position of the body, and not to lean forward, as there will be a tendency to do, when the leg is as far back as it will go.

Cramp.

Everybody, even when in the best of health, is liable to an attack of cramp, but if it becomes at all frequent, it should be a warning that a rest for the muscles affected is necessary.

"Writer's Cramp" is the most common form, and affects the forefinger and thumb especially, and makes it absolutely necessary to abstain from writing for a time.

"C.B." (Llanelly), who does a good deal of writing, asks me for a preventive. The only way to avoid this particular form of cramp is to write more from the elbow and shoulder, and less from the fingers.

Skiping.

There is no better all-round exercise for the athlete than skiping. Professionals in football, running, swimming, boxing and every branch of sport include it in their curriculum.

And for cheapness there is nothing to beat it. Three yards of rope, a pair of loose knickers and rubber shoes are all that is necessary. Ordinary "one-two" skiping is easy enough, but really complicated steps can be practised with advantage.

Accurate time, speed and thoroughness should be aimed at. Skiping also is an excellent weight reducing exercise.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENT'S.

- J.C. (Newport).—Should advise you to send full particulars to "The Connoisseur," Hanover Building, Maddox St., W.
S.O.H. (Gray's).—Try Vandy, next Wyndham's Theatre, London.
J.W. (Grange Moor).—You should be able to obtain it on the Monday.
H.S. (Golder's Green).—Send full particulars of books required to W. and G. Foyle, 121, Charing Cross Road, London, W.C.
P.J.S. (S.W.).—Thanks for good wishes. Enquire nearest Post Office.
G.P. (Swansea).—You will be able to obtain what you want at the nearest hosier.

INSURE AGAINST UNEMPLOYMENT.

The man who knows most about his employers' business is undoubtedly the book-keeper. More than any other member of the staff, he guards and treasures the secrets of the firm. He knows all the customers, by name at least; he can tell you where they live, the price they pay for the goods they purchase; he knows instinctively whether their credit is good or bad; he calculates the volume of business transacted in the course of a year, and he alone knows the income of each member of the firm.

Princely Salaries for Right Men.

Needless to say his integrity must be absolutely above suspicion. If he were to make but a single mistake it might involve a loss of thousands of pounds. He has to be accurate, smart, alert and reliable. Incredible as it may seem, a really competent book-keeper is a greater rarity than an expert shorthand writer. It is little wonder there-

fore that employers are willing to pay princely salaries to secure the right men, and the book-keeper is the last of the firm will allow to leave them. Therefore his position is practically assured, and £350 to £500 is by no means an unusual salary to pay for men with brains, whilst many are enjoying an income running well into four figures.

But in book-keeping, like all other commercial sciences, the market is flooded with mediocrities. You will find twenty such men to every one who is really expert. Employers know this. It is not altogether the fault of the mediocrity himself. It is because he is not trained in the right lines that he fails to make satisfactory progress.

He learns many rules, works countless "sets" of figures, and at length becomes distracted with the vagaries of figures, and has a knack of producing every conceivable result, but not the right one. He crams from morning till night, and at length possesses the coveted diploma which he believes is a potent charm against all earthly ills; but the time of disillusionment soon arrives.

After all, the real science of book-keeping lies in a few perfectly consistent principles, which, however diverse in their outward application, underlie every kind of book-keeping extant.

Solving the Unemployment Problem.

These principles can be acquired by a student of average intelligence in the space of a few lessons, and will enable him to keep any set of books without difficulty or error. It is not correct to say that "every man has his system." There can be no doubt that a really efficient book-keeper will never want for employment whether he be under or over that age.

There is one institution which, with its usual sagacity and public spirit, has recognised this need and has set it on foot. We refer to the world-renowned Holborn Hall College, who have organised a perfect system of book-keeping instruction adapted for private tuition or home study, which in a few weeks will enable the student to qualify himself and take up a lucrative post. The fact that students in such distant lands as Australia, New Zealand and the Isthmus of Panama, not to speak of the Island of Madagascar, are regularly receiving these lessons, is a tribute to the esteem with which they are regarded at home and abroad. We advise every reader of *Modern Man* to send for the prospectus of the College and investigate for themselves. The address is Holborn Hall College, Holborn Hall, London.

HEIGHT INCREASED

By adopting my simple system you can put inches on to your height in three months. **No apparatus. No Medicines. Ordinary habits retained.** Send two penny stamps for particulars to
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3, North End Chambers, Croydon.

HERE IS WHAT THE EDITOR

of "PITMAN'S JOURNAL" says regarding "The St. Settef Course of Will-Culture":—"No better course of scientific mental training could be desired than this series of lessons which are admirably adapted for self-mastery." (See Pitman's Journal, Jan. 18th.) By means of "The St. Settef Course" you can develop your Will-Power, Concentration, Reliance and Personal Magnetism to double their present strength in a few months. The fee for the whole Course (four absorbingly interesting lessons) is only 2/6 (abroad 6d. extra). The Course is sent in plain, sealed packets. The Editor and the Physical Culture Expert of "Modern Man," Editors of "Public Opinion," "Health and Strength," "Health and Vitality," etc., also recommend the Course.

THE ST. SETTEF INSTITUTE (Dept. M), PERTH, N.B.



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If you are under forty, I can increase your height by two to three inches within three months, by means of special exercises. No appliances, no drugs, no special diet. Send three penny stamps for particulars of my system.

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When replying to Advertisements, mention "Modern Man."

SEND AS MANY FOOTBALL COUPONS AS YOU LIKE.

THE OUTER MAN.

By CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

There will be very little alteration in men's fashions this spring. Brown will be the predominating colour.

The peg-top style in trousers has come to stay, and the trouser-ends will be permanently turned up.

Socks and fancy vests will be much quieter in colour. Black, black and white, brown and grey will be the prevailing colours in socks, and vests will have neat striped patterns on white grounds.

The choice of a tie is generally a very difficult matter. The "bird's-eye" tie is giving way now to one with plain colours and quiet stripes in silk and poplin.

A great deal of smartness can be added to one's appearance by the addition to the wardrobe of a vest-slip. You can obtain a good one for 1s. 6d., and one which will last you a long time.

When you reach the office in the morning, have you ever noticed how dirty the edges of your cuffs look, and wondered at the cause? It is due to your gloves.

To remedy, do not button your gloves, but double them back over your hands. Besides preventing soiling the cuffs, I always think a turned-back glove looks smart.

"Should men use scent?" is a query put me by a correspondent. Decidedly, no! A man who smells of scent is effeminate, to put it in its mildest form.

The only place a man should use scent is in bed. A few drops of scent put on the pillow before retiring is a splendid refresher.

Correspondents are continually writing me for advice on how to keep unruly hair in order. The best preparation I know is limes and glycerine.

GRIM EXPERIENCES ON CONGO RIVER.

Mr. Gordon Campbell, of Glasgow, will have plenty to talk about when he returns home. During a hunting expedition in Central Africa, with a friend named Taite, he has had exciting encounters with wild beasts and cannibals.

The two started a year ago to cross Africa from the East Coast, by way of Victoria Nyanza and the Congo River. At Stanley Falls they had a raft constructed to carry the down the river, but on the voyage to Leopoldville the raft was capsized by hippopotami, and two of the natives were eaten by crocodiles before they could reach the shore. Three others were drowned.

The party were attacked by cannibals in the night, and a native was killed. Another black went mad with fever and had to be shot to save the lives of the rest. Their last negro was seized by a big gorilla when they were half-way down the Congo. After being stabbed the animal disappeared, dragging the wounded man away under his arm into the jungle.

Mr. Taite and Mr. Campbell were finally rescued from their dangerous surroundings by a party of Belgian rubber hunters near Leopoldville.

RACING SELECTIONS.

BIRMINGHAM.—MONDAY.

Yardley Handicap Hurdle Race: ANGELS PATH.
Stayers' Handicap Steeplechase: THE REJECTED IV.
Coventry Handicap Steeplechase: SEA OF GOLD.
Packingham Four-Year-Old Hurdle Race: DALNASPIDAL.

TUESDAY.

Warwickshire Handicap Steeplechase: SHANAWAN.

WARWICK.—WEDNESDAY.

Avon Selling Hurdle Race: MOUL MESSER.

THURSDAY.

Coventry Selling Steeplechase: HONEY II
Lammas Selling Hurdle Race: AMERSHAM.
Watgill Four-Year-Old Hurdle Race: CLOSEWOOD BECK.

HURST PARK.—FRIDAY.

Thames Handicap Steeplechase: MARCELLINNS.
Mole Handicap Hurdle Race: MASTER MINE.

SATURDAY.

Grange Handicap Steeplechase: CLONDALKIN.

THE RACING EDITOR WILL WIRE THE BEST THING HE KNOWS EACH DAY FOR 5s. WEEKLY, OR WILL SEND A SINGLE MESSAGE FOR 1s. SELECTIONS WILL BE WIRED OVERNIGHT FOR THE BENEFIT OF READERS WHO CANNOT DEAL WITH MID-DAY MESSAGES.

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Carriage paid U.K. per Parcels Post, 11lbs. Extra Heavy Press to take 6 pair in 8-ply Oak, Heavily nickel-plated fittings, 8/6 carriage paid, weight 14lbs. WHY PAY MIDDLE PROFITS? Trouser Pressers and Stretchers, in handsome unbreakable 6-ply POLISHED OAK Heavily Plated Fly Nuts and Powerful Steel Crossbars as shown. Full length. Take 4 pairs. Guaranteed 5 years, sent on 7 days' approval. Post dated Cheque or Money Order can be sent for appro. Send for Illustrated List Free. **SIMPLEX MANUFACTURING Co. (H. OLIPSON, Manager), 66, BALHAM HILL, LONDON, S.W.**



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A MONTH.

Write to-day for our new patterns, Fashion-plate and simple measure form. Make your choice, pay a deposit of 5/-, and suit is made to your measures in West End Style to fit you as it should fit. You complete purchase in monthly payments of 5/- each.

Write now for free patterns to—

MASTERS, Ltd., 85, HOPE STORES, Rye, Eng.

FOR READERS OPINIONS OF OUR SHILLING SHARES, SEE PAGE 1892

Readers Sale or Exchange.

Advs. are inserted under this heading at the rate of 1d. per word, and should be sent with remittance to the Advt. Manager, Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

A bargain, coat-hanger, with trouser-stretcher, new, post free P.O. 1s. 8d., or two for 2s. 9d., carriage paid.—Box 4595, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Conjuring catalogue, illustrated, free; send early.—Vandy (Dept. M.M.), next Wyndham's Theatre, London.

Why be Short? By adopting my simple system you can put inches on to your height in three months. No apparatus. No medicines. Ordinary habits retained. Send two penny stamps for particulars, to Professor Prowse, 14, North End Chambers, Croydon.

Simple, harmless, guaranteed permanent method that darkens grey hair; costs 3d.; secret, 1s. 1d.—C. Hale, Saltley Road, Birmingham.

A Fountain Pen for 7d., post free. Our latest invention, the "Swift" Fountain Pen, is an absolutely world's wonder; always ready for use; best finish.—Send P.O. or stamps 7d. to-day to Box 4597, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

For trouser press see advt. Simplex Manufacturing Co., page 1903.

Cycles, Ladies' and Gent.'s, Model de Luxe; purchased September; fitted 3-speed B.S.A. gears, accessories, gear cases; perfect reason explained; £4 10s. each.—3, Aubert Park, Highbury, London.

Absolute Genuine Moustache Grower, known to grow a moustache in a few weeks. Advertiser will be pleased to send recipe and full particulars to all sending P.O., value 1s. 1d.—Box 8029, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Jokes, novelty, sneezing roses; sample joke and catalogue, post free, three stamps.—Bulls, 579, Battersea Park Road, London.

Blood purifier. Keep you in perfect health; one of the finest known recipes on the market. Recipe with full particulars, post free, 1s. 1d.—Box 4630, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

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